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VOGUE

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NEW YORK

NOVEMBER 1, 1965

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

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BRANCH OFFICES
Statler Building, Boston, Mass. 02116
Robert Brennecke, Mgr.
65 East South Water Street, Chicago, Ill. 60601
Donald H. Koehler, Mgr.
3921 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90005
John Brunelle, Mgr.

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PENN

COVER: Saved for this issue of Vogue, one of the most I-want-it looks out of Paris—Saint Laurent's pure little Empire dress of strong yellow and hot-pink satin twill by Abraham. Hair, a wrap-up of Alexandre news: small skull, straight side-piece with a blunted tail; the peruke idea tilted and tied with pink satin ribbons. Makeup by Charles of the Ritz. Over the eyes, the new glimmer of Spotlight. Lipstick, Pink Lustre. Pink Light face-shader. Dress, in ready-to-wear copies at Bergdorf Goodman. The original, at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

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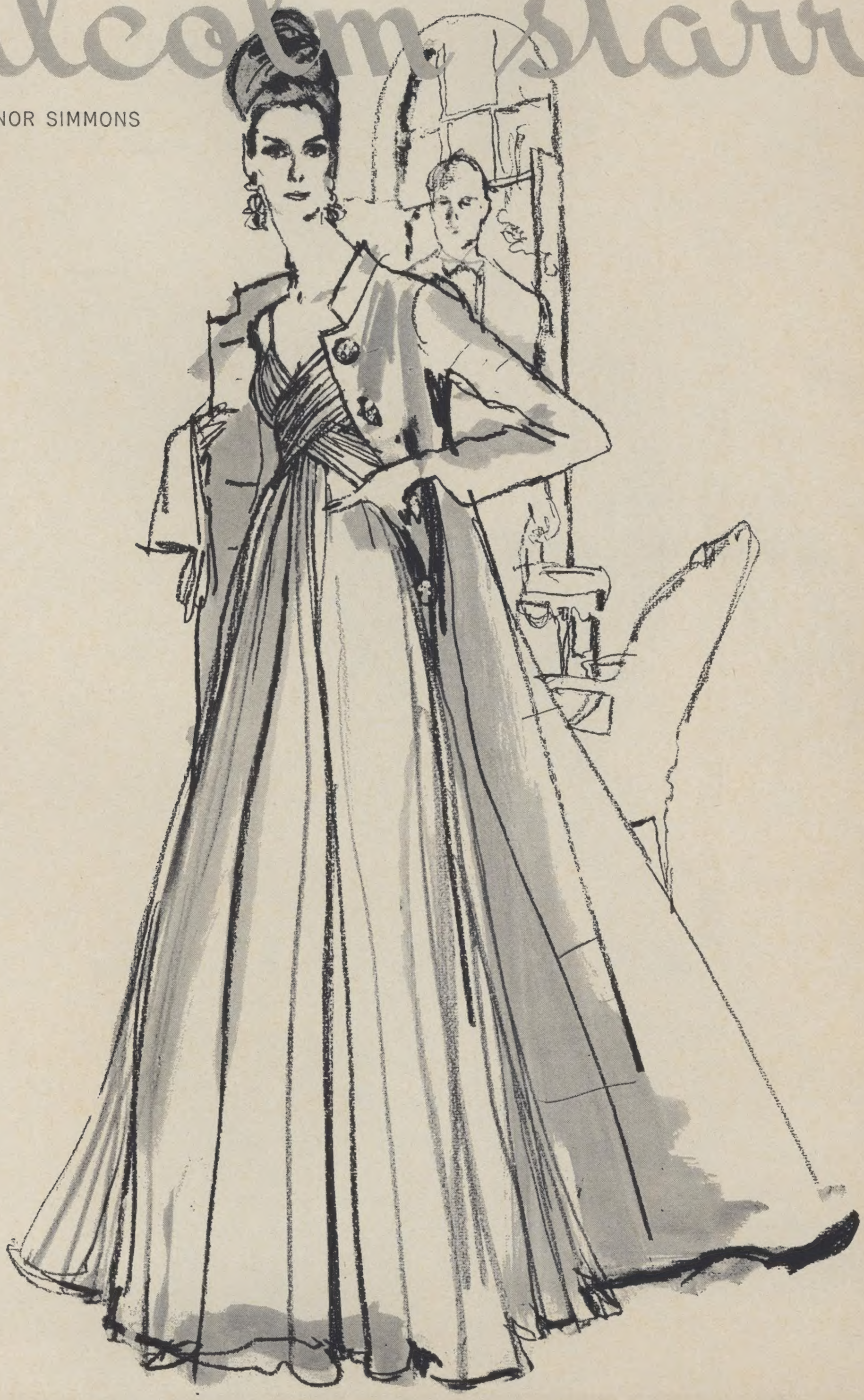


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BY ELINOR SIMMONS



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Top left:
Classic Villager wool cardigan with ribbon front, blue, coral or yellow, 34 to 40. *(V-92)* 13.00 Sailboat print cotton, roll-sleeve shirt. Blue-yellow, coral-green or tan-yellow, 8 to 16. *(V-93)* 7.00 Skirt of cotton-acetate with contour belt, blue, coral or yellow, 8 to 14. *(V-94)* 13.00

Left:
Paisley print dress of airy Orlon® acrylic challis, utterly packable and delightfully carefree. With tucked, torso length bodice, crisply pleated skirt. Blue-green tones, sizes 8 to 16. *(V-96)* 23.00

Top right:
Rain on departure, sunshine on arrival, a brisk breeze at night . . . You're smartly covered for all in this all-weather coat of water-repellent Fortrel® polyester-cotton in blue, coral or yellow, 8 to 16. *(V-91)* 35.00

Right:
Three-piece ensemble that travels in style. Jacket and A-line skirt of cotton-acetate Heatherspun; floral print, sleeveless, tucked shell of Dacron® polyester-cotton. Yellow, blue or coral, 8 to 16. *(V-95)* 35.00

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You'll jet the miles with total chic, absolute comfort, in this wool plaid ensemble. Four-button jacket tops matching slim skirt, tucked-front cream color cotton shell. Navy-white or burgundy-white, 8 to 16. *(V-99)* 45.00

Left:
Tattersall checked wool skims smoothly over the silhouette in this light 'n' lovely little dress with dashing ways and a cool air. Red and blue on white with navy banding, sizes 8 to 16. *(V-101)* 25.00

Top right:
Bright colors make their mark under blazing sunlit skies or on the scene after dark. Here, lean-lined wool and nylon skimmer with crisp white linen collar and cuffs. Kelly green or blue, sizes 8 to 16. *(V-100)* 35.00

Right:
Villager's favored wool A-line skirt, a welt seamed classic for every Fashionable's collection. Coral, blue or yellow, 8 to 16. *(V-97)* 15.00 Floral print shirt of Dacron® polyester-cotton, coral, blue or yellow, 8 to 16. *(V-98)* 8.00

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Top left:
Water sports are in season year round and Villager's classic 2-part swimsuit of authentic bleeding India cotton Madras makes the necessary splash, beautifully. Assorted plaids, 8 to 16. *(V-85)* 18.00

Left:
A quilting party with strawberries for dessert . . . a lovely old-fashioned idea beautifully modern for this cotton quilt shift dress in yellow or blue strawberry print, 8 to 16. *(V-89)* 18.00 Matching hat. *(V-90)* 7.00

Top right:
Pin tucks shape and flatter in this delightful Villager shirtdress of Fortrel® polyester-cotton Kettlecloth with easy A-line skirt. Sun warming shades of coral, blue or yellow, sizes 8 to 16. *(V-88)* 20.00

Right:
Dotted Swiss and lace top off everything feminine. Dacron® polyester - cotton shirt, white, 8 to 16. *(V-86)* 10.00 Heatherspun slacks of cotton-acetate with tailored, fly-front styling. Blue, yellow or coral, 8 to 16. *(V-87)* 13.00

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Photographed by Philip E. Pegler

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Justin McCarty



The sparkle of holiday parties is matched with the lovely gleam of Justin McCarty's metallic topped "spirited" restaurant dress. White rayon, polyester and metallic with crystal drops, contrasting with the black, shocking, or turquoise skirt. Sizes 6 to 16. About $40.

J. P. ALLEN
Atlanta, Georgia

A young girl, an old horse, an astonishing journey

By Lorna Moffat



NORMAN PARKINSON

Lorna Moffat, at eighteen, rode alone through Spain and France.

I had been planning to make a tour all through southern Spain during the summer holidays. In June, against the advice of all my friends, I went to Barcelona and bought a chestnut-coloured horse at a polo club. He wasn't the gayest horse—aged somewhere between ten and twenty—but he had a young soul and I loved him. From Barcelona I rode Diable to Cadaqués, where I had been staying for several months before, as a trial run. It took us four days, and everyone agreed that he had done extremely well. In Cadaqués, he became the local taxi for me and my friends. Salvador Dali, who was living in Port Lligat, insisted that he be set loose to roam all over the port, whenever he felt like it to give a Camargue effect to the surroundings. And so he did. He became "village famous," sometimes running through the streets after untying his rope from his post; children soothed his hot temper with red apples and carrots.

As the summer dwindled away, I began to get restless and bored. I felt lack of adventure and a certain kind of old age seep into my eighteen years. My father told me that I would soon have to sell Diable, and in Spain his age seemed perfect for the slaughterhouse. It was then that I decided to ride him to the Camargue. I could sell him there, and he could roam about with all the other horses.

It was Dali who finally set me off. I met Dali one afternoon in Port Lligat after watering my horse at a public well. He was sitting with his wife, Gala, on the whitewashed steps leading up to his villa. He came up to me and a friend I was with and asked us if we would like to come for a glass of champagne the following Saturday. We accepted and appeared around five o'clock that evening. On the day of my departure, Dali gave me a small black stone and a postcard with a note on the back. He said, "The stone is for the grasshoppers and the note is for a Mr. Deni who owns the largest ranch in the Camargue." I thanked him for his generosity, thinking the second present might be the most useful one, and departed.

I couldn't afford a saddle, only a damp and dirty shawl which cascaded down Diable's shoulders, as he walked. I wore a full-length, moss-green cloak which spilled Diable's odour wherever we went. I thought the cloak would keep me warm for the next two weeks—I was wrong. In my sling bag were ropes, sandwiches, old sweaters, and toothbrushes, all mingled together like a "going-away stew."

(Continued on page 83)



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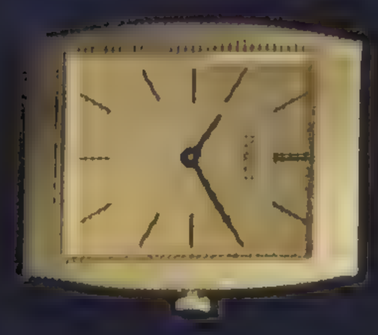
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the feather-textured makeup with the lambsdown puffer



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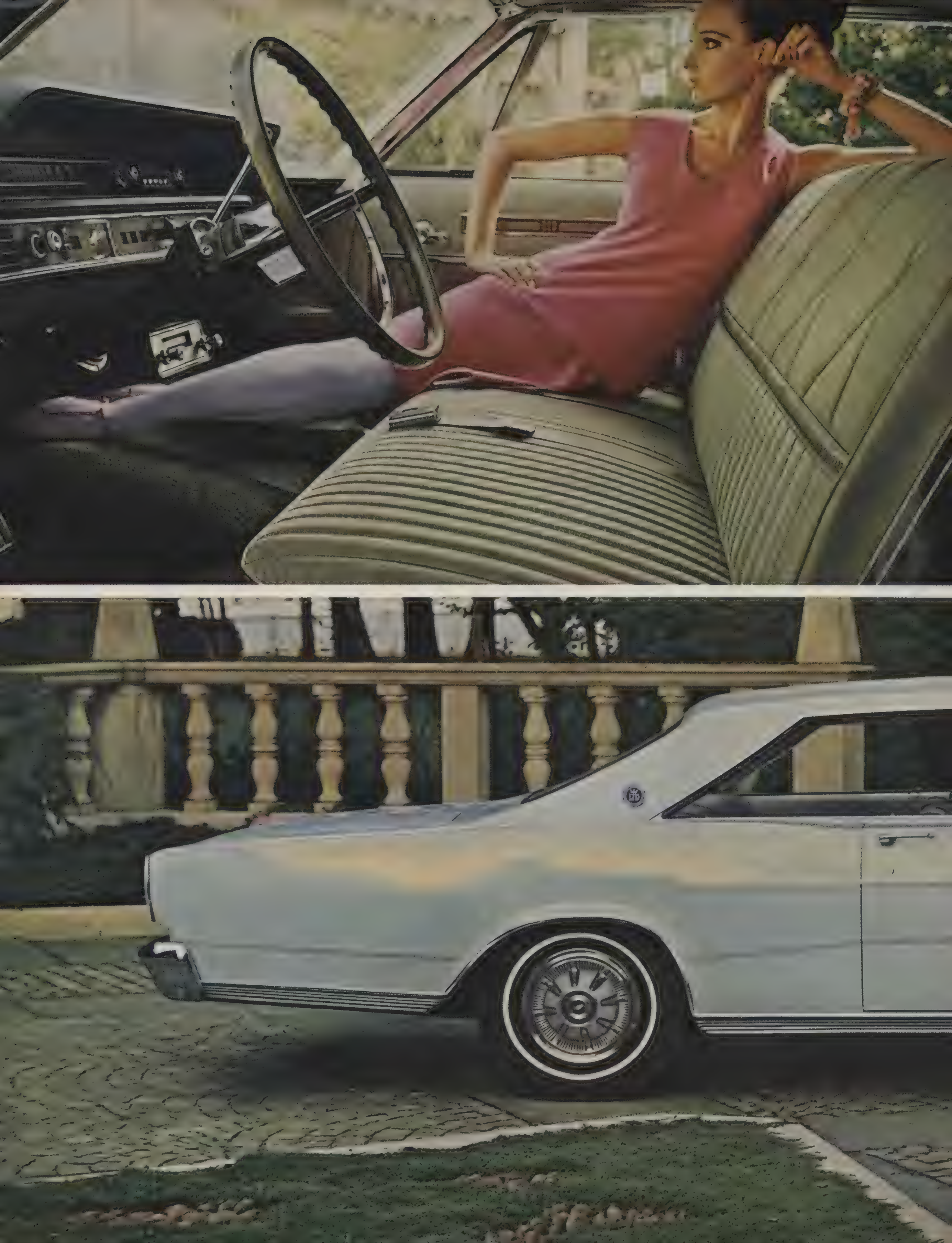
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JOSEPH MAGNIN
CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA



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Two great ways to make the scene this season:

...in versatile Naked Wool gifted by nature to keep you in perfect comfort in every clime, at any time of night or day. Light as a breeze, soft as a whisper Naked Wool gracefully meets the demands of today's party pace.

...in new LTD by Ford with smooth, quiet ride, sleek, slim lines, luxe interior. Other LTD allures: little lights everywhere...in ashtrays, glove box, doors, trunks; a tempting new extra...Ford's Stereo Tape player for over 70 minutes of your favorite music; Silent-Flo Ventilation to keep fresh air circulating, your coif intact...as you breeze along in your 4-door LTD.



Left: Get in the mood for waltz or watusi with Ford's new stereo tape player and **Oleg Cassini's** sizzle pink Naked Wool crepe. Overblouse has new spoon neckline. $80.

Below: Make a brilliant entrance in LTD and **Teal Traina's** violet Naked Wool crepe, with cowl neckline, twirl skirt, $100.

JOSEPH MAGNIN
CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA





Fords of Fashion for '66

Naked Wool... new chic Fairlane

More switched-on greats to carry you near and far: new Naked Wool, mobile, light, soft—a talented traveler, North or South... new Fairlane designed this year to make a point of chic. Fairlane comes on strong with news like bold new lines, curved side glass, richly paneled doors. Retains what made it famous... spacious interior... easy-parking size.

Left: Run off to a fairy tale garden in the posh new Fairlane 500... go Naked Wool in **Mr. Gee's** long sizzle of bright plaid. $40.

Right: Take off for an evening on the town in the sleek comfort of new Fairlane 500... in **Jr. Sophisticates'** umbrella-skirted disco dress. Of course, it's sheer Naked Wool responding to your every move. $80.

JOSEPH MAGNIN
CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA





Wizardry! The way Ford's Magic Doorgate works as a loading gate for things and as a swing aside door for people.



Naked Wool... new Ford of Fashion

Simply wizard... the way Naked Wool swings through nature's whims of weather. Caressingly warm for cool mornings... yet airy and cool for high noons. Simply wizard... new Fairlane Squire with the Magic Doorgate... gleaming woodlike paneling... sedan smooth ride. *Above:* To go with the Squire... **Zacari's** hip-huggers and shirt in foulard print with the natural chic of Naked Wool. $68.

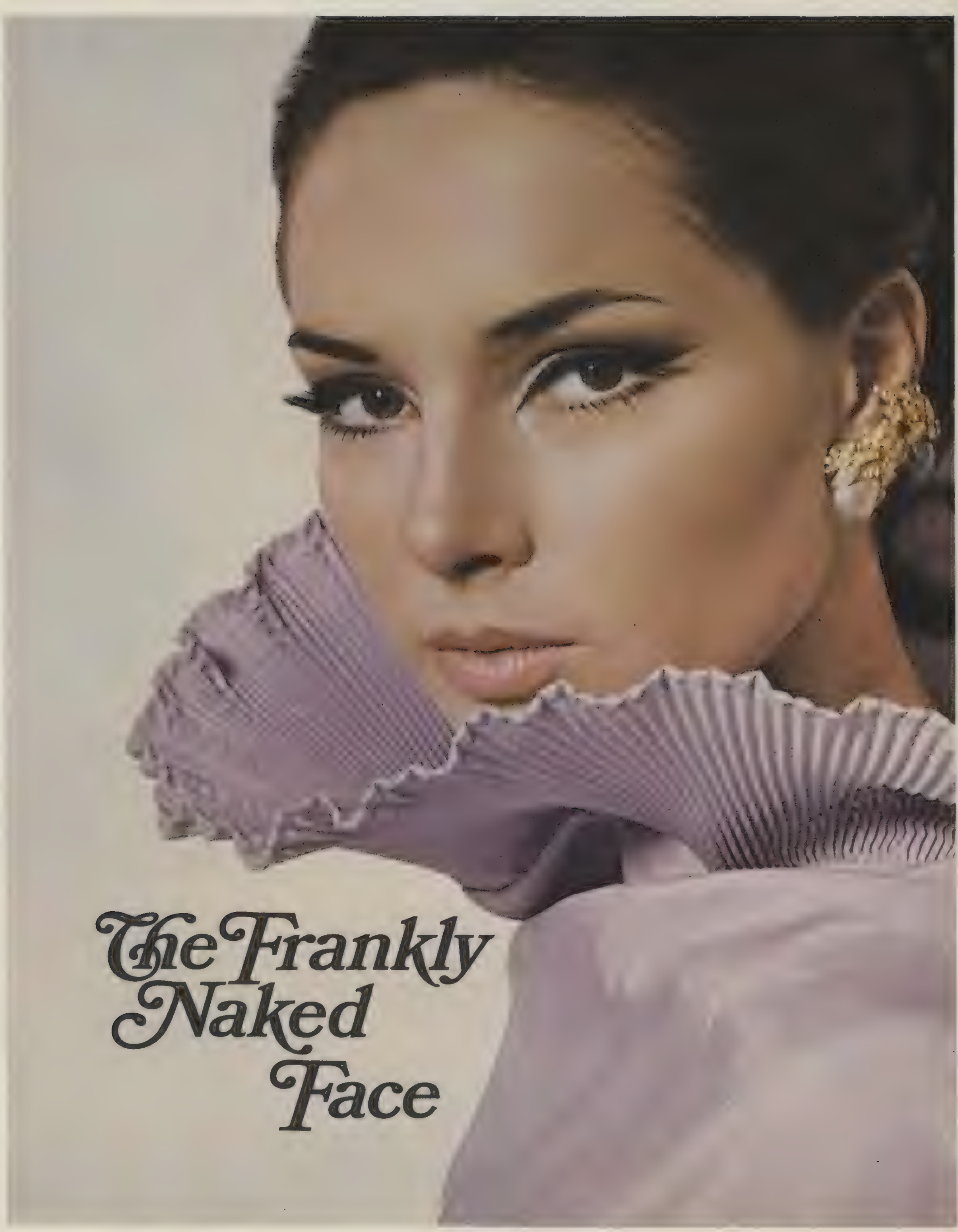
JOSEPH MAGNIN
CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA

GOLDEN AUTUMN—BRILLIANT, TENDER...FALL'S OWN FRAGRANCE



BY PRINCE MATCHABELLI

GOLDEN AUTUMN COLOGNE PARFUMÉE, SPRAY MIST, PERFUME, DUSTING POWDER


The Frankly
Naked
Face



Max Factor

creates the sheer miracle of

UltraLucent Make-up

A look so nearly nude
it could be nothing at all,
and yet so perfectly finished
that flaws, tiny lines
and imperfections seem
to disappear.



Imagine a fluid make-up that's matte, but never flat; dewy but never shiny! This is the real you...looking natural as the day you were born. In 9 could-be-your-own skin tones, and 2 shades to highlight. For the total look, add the delightfully light, sheer finish of UltraLucent Powder.

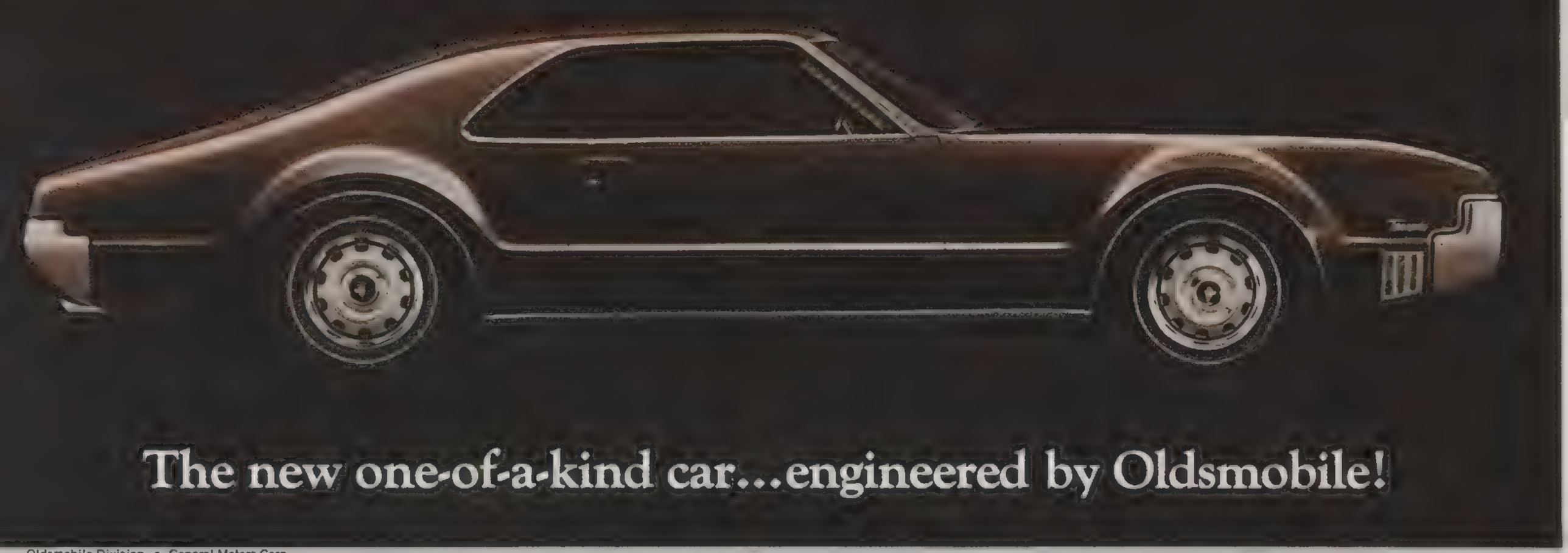
What else to wear with next-to-bare?

The sleekest mouth of all...ultra-creamy, ultra-chic UltraLucent Creme Lipsticks. In 13 shining shades and 10 sparkling iridescents. Now you have it all...the natural newness of UltraLucent Make-up by Max Factor.

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Step
OUT FRONT
IN '66 ... in a Rocket Action Olds!

TORONADO



The new one-of-a-kind car...engineered by Oldsmobile!

Oldsmobile Division • General Motors Corp.

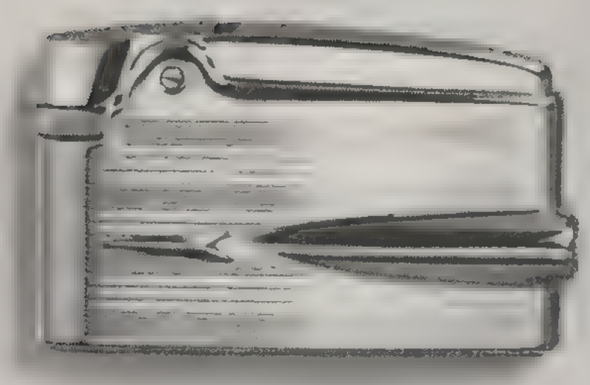
Speculation's over. Toronado's here! New proof of Oldsmobile engineering leadership. Only full-size car with front wheel drive. Gives you up-front traction . . . flat floors . . . six-passenger spaciousness! Plus exceptional stability . . . the year's most advanced styling! All on a big 119-inch wheelbase — powered by a 385-hp Rocket V-8! Rumor's over. Toronado's here!

LOOK TO OLDS FOR THE NEW!

THERE MUST BE A RONSON AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE



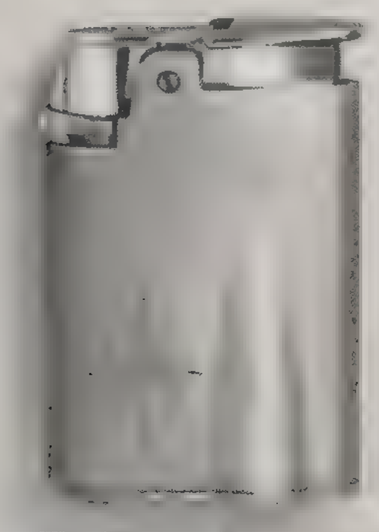
Mr. Tony Williamson will light his guests' cigarettes with his Ronson Varaflame Adonis butane lighter. Mrs. Williamson will use her Ronson Varaflame Ladylite. You can see these and other Ronson butane pocket lighters on the next page.



Tony Williamson has the Ronson Varaflame Adonis butane lighter. Engraved design. Gold-tone emblem. $16.50.



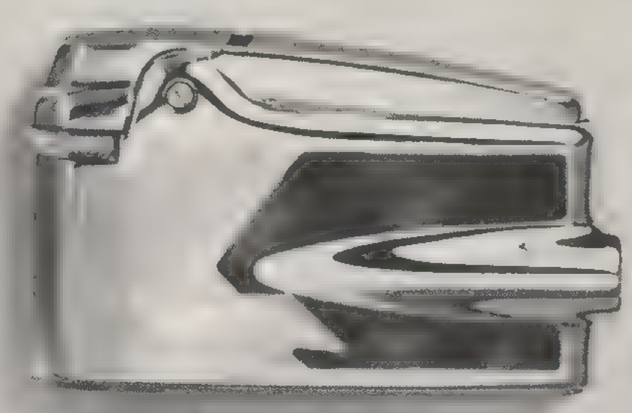
Mrs. Tony Williamson has the Ronson Varaflame Ladylite butane lighter. Gold-tone. Engraved design. $16.50.



The Starfire, silver-tone, suede finish, engraved design. $11.95.



The Princess, gold-tone, textured suede finish, deep engraved design. $17.50.



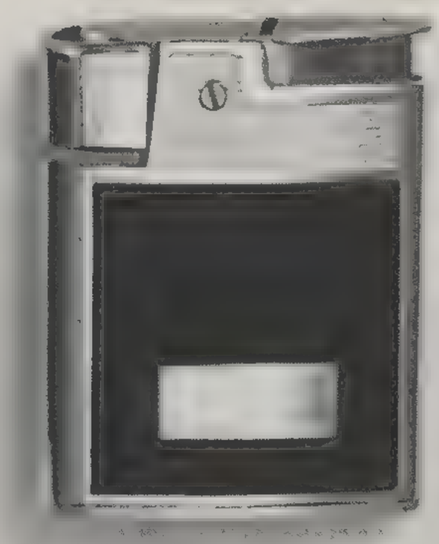
The Premier, tortoise enamel, engraved design. $16.50.



The Liteguard, gold-tone, textured suede finish, deep engraved design. $14.95.



The Windlite, genuine Water Buffalo. $10.50.



The Whirlwind, gold-tone, black enamel, engraved design. $18.95.

Ronson Varaflame is the highly personal lighter. The smokeless butane flame is fingertip adjustable for a slim cigarette, a hearty cigar, or a robust pipe. And it's very faithful. Lights for months without refueling. Refills in seconds from the Ronson Multi-Fill® Injector.

RONSON®

Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N.J.
All prices suggested retail.
Also available in Canada.

Elisabeth Draper, Inc. created the great room



Undress a chic woman and what do you see?

Something nobody noticed before: Vanishing Act, the first bra ever made with completely seamless molded Fibrefill cups. It was worth waiting for. Wear it under knits and sheers and you'll see why. Nobody else will see anything–not even a trace of a trace. You're just smooth, clean lines everywhere because Vanishing Act by Perma-Lift is made a clever new way. Instead of being sewn with tell-tale seams and busybody lines, Vanishing Act is molded of Fibrefill. Then it's covered with a luxury fabric knitted of Marvess* olefin yarn that makes comfort, fit and shape yours forever. You show up looking ravishing because nothing else shows up at all. Even the color is dreamily vague–a special Nude that disappears without a trace, even under the sheerest whites, 6.50.

Perma-Lift®
ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH

*T. M. ALAMO INDUSTRIES, INC.


This is the

Touch of Sable* look
Dorothy Gray did it!

Tawny...translucent...terrific: the new look illuminated with white and innocent as dynamite. It happens with Dorothy Gray's Sable lipshade in Liquessence, the first misty-soft moisturizing lipstick, $2.
To highlight the look, D.G.'s sparkling taupe eye shadow in the chic Brush Stroke Compact, with built-in sable brush, $2.50.

* **Free:** lavish sable lipstick brush (the kind that costs $2) yours as a gift with Liquessence and Brush Stroke.

Start with just a Touch of Sable...and the coat may come next.

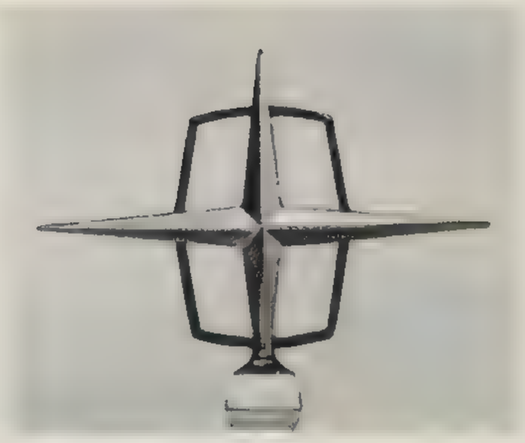




THE
MORE
COLORFUL
NYLON

m. c. Schrank

Napped nightgown luxuriating in the hushed pastels of clear, pure Caprolan® nylon tricot. A pink pianissimo; mere whisper of a blue. Long or shift gown, $9. Bed jacket, $7. Small, medium, large. Pajamas, $11. Sizes 32-40. At fine stores everywhere. The fashion by M. C. Schrank. Fiber by Allied Chemical



Lincoln Continental for 1966: unmistakably new, yet unmistakably Continental





With the newly styled sedan and four-door convertible there is a new Lincoln Continental model for 1966: the Continental coupé, making America's most distinguished motorcar available to more fine car buyers than ever before. Discover for yourself how close you may be to owning a Lincoln Continental.

One look tells you Continental styling is new, totally new from the dynamic front grille to the graceful contours of the rear design. And yet you know that this new styling is a contemporary expression of the continuing Continental look. All three new models are distinctively Lincoln Continental. Each is built to the highest standards in the world and tested more thoroughly than any other car.

Inside Continental, you will find increased spaciousness; more head room, more shoulder room, more trunk space.

New reserves of power are yours to command in the Lincoln Continental. There is a new high-performance 462 cubic inch engine and an all-new transmission. Together, they provide an even smoother flow of power.

In addition to an impressive list of standard equipment, Continental offers innovations in luxury options. For example, there is an all-new Stereo-Sonic Tape System/AM radio. Simply put in a cartridge and four-speaker stereo sound is yours. And there is the new temperature control system that automatically maintains the temperature you select, regardless of changes in the weather outside.

Come take a closer look at Continental for 1966. Accept your Continental dealer's invitation to drive it, experience it, and to discover how easy it can be to own a Lincoln Continental.

LINCOLN *Continental*

America's most distinguished motorcar.

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Lady Van Heusen isn't afraid to come right out and say it about this shirt: No ironing—no fooling. That's because Klopman made this permanent press fabric. Made it so carefully and so well, the world's fussiest ironer can take it out of her automatic dryer and put it on then and there. And since it's a Klopman-made fabric, it performs just as beautifully every other way. Tucked shirt of 65% Dacron® polyester/35% combed cotton. In pink, white, light blue, willow, maize and beige. Sizes 8 to 18. About $8. At Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Rich's, Atlanta; Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; J.W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles; Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis. Fabric by Klopman Mills, Inc., Women's Wear Division, 115 West 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

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*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric



Just don't forget to slip them off before you take a moonlight dip.

Ah. The bared-to-there sandal.
The glistening sandal you can dine
in, dance in, go on to all sorts of
things in—except, of course, that
moonlight swim.
This sandal happens to be very soft,
very light, very easy care. Just wipe
and wear. Also, it's weather resistant.
Holds its shape better. Keeps new
looking longer. Why? Because
it's created of white and shining
CORFAM*, the breathable new shoe
upper material from Du Pont.

Gamin sling in shining CORFAM®



DU PONT REG U S PAT OFF Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

This Gamin shoe, about $20.00, to order at: Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Sakowitz, Houston; Robinson's, California.

A selective product of the GREAT LAKES MINK ASSOCIATION, producers of premium natural dark ranch mink.

HAT BY AMBOSE



The world's most fascinating brunette: GLMA Mink

Maximilian



Pour this picture into a little black bottle and call it Revenescence. Pour it in your hand and you hold the secret of the eternally green rain forest—moisture. Put it on your skin under your makeup and you wear a sheer, clear, luxuriant protection between your complexion and your everyday Sahara. 6.00 to 17.50.

Charles of the Ritz



GO DAZZLING TONIGHT

Make your mark after dark in a magical flowering of hemitite crystal daisies with glittery rhinestone centers! The Crystal Fantasia Collection includes shimmery, showery bibs, collars, frosty fringes, classic single and double strand necklaces; earrings that sparkle like fountains at play; bracelets and pins blazing with frozen fires. Daisy Group available in hemitite or clear. Necklace, $45.00, Bracelet, $15.00, Earrings, $10.00.

Vendôme

Ask to see the entire Crystal Fantasia Collection at fine stores everywhere or write Vendome, the Couturier Division of Coro, Inc., 47 West 34th Street, N.Y.

Fredrica



NEW FLAIR OF ELEGANCE... REFRESHING, BRAVE, FLATTERING. FLAWLESSLY CONSTRUCTED WITH THE SKILL OF A FATHER-TO-SON HERITAGE...
IN "THE LIMITED EDITION FUR" **FOUKE-DYED BLACK ALASKA FUR SEAL** FIRST CHOICE OF FIRST LADIES
OF FASHION THE WORLD 'ROUND. PLEASE ADDRESS YOUR INQUIRY TO FREDRICA, 345 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.



MADE IN U.S.A.

PRECIOUS JADE. WHAT A WONDERFUL WAY TO BE FASHION-ORIENTED. Supple leather set with jade stones. For women who believe precious gems should be functional as well as beautiful. Framed cigarette case, $4. Four-hook. button key case, $3.50. Single frame French purse, $6. Saratoga Trio, $8. Framed double eyeglass case, $4.50. Azure blue, with blue stone; mist green or gold with green stone. At Jordan Marsh, Boston; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; J. B. Ivey, Charlotte; May Co., Cleveland; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles; B. Altman & Co., New York; Ungar's, Portland; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester; Famous Barr, St. Louis; The Emporium, San Francisco; Maas Bros., Tampa and other fine stores or write St. Thomas Inc., Gloversville, N. Y.

ST. THOMAS

WINNER OF THE 1965 AMERICAN DESIGNER AWARD.

Femme fatale. What does she wear?
An ecru lace cascade rushing down and around
a coat and gown of elegant Turqua satin.
Ah, oui! $70. At fine stores everywhere.

Van Raalte

because you love nice things





All the really smart people are wintering in GLENOIT!

What's Glenoit? The most luxurious pile fabric in the world. This Glenoit, called TALLY-HO®. The antic, fun pile. Here, in a crafty little hooded hippy. Sizes Small, Medium, Large. $45. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; The May Co., Los Angeles; Dayton Co., Minneapolis, Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore. By **VALOR**

GLENOIT MILLS, INC., N.Y. 10018 • SUBSIDIARY OF BOTANY INDUSTRIES, INC. • MILLS: TARBORO, N.C. • IN FINLAND: OY GLENOIT & LILLJA, AB, HELSINKI • IN ENGLAND: GLENOIT (U.K.) LTD., WOODLESFORD, LEEDS • PILE OF 80% ACRYLIC, 20% MODACRYLIC; 100% COTTON BACKED.

She packs a lot of fashion... you can tell by her Samsonite.

What a smashing way to arrive. Looking like you own the world. Your Samsonite Silhouette Luggage says you do. Silhouette is alive. Lithe. Vibrant. All action from light frame of strong magnesium to cleverly hidden locks. Just fill it with feminine wiles. And go! It's next to impossible to scuff or stain Silhouette. So pick your color without a care: Dover White, Marina Blue, Oxford Grey, Venetian Red, Biscayne Blue, Willow Green. Devastating? As if you didn't know. Silhouette was made for you.

Below, l. to r. in Dover White: Week End Tote $27.95, 26" Pullman $45.00, Beauty Case $27.95, Wardrobe $42.50, 21" O'Nite $29.50.

Samsonite®
SILHOUETTE
FROM $25.00
The luggage that knows its way around the world

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Available in all better department and specialty stores.

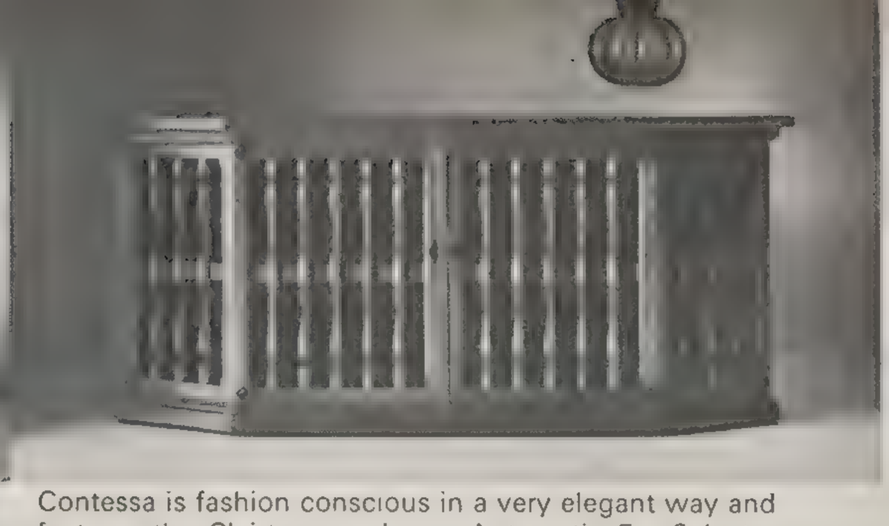




Patrician, finely detailed Mediterranean design in satin walnut. Like all Clairtone consoles features solid state tuner and amplifier of sophisticated design. $499.00



Famous people everywhere applaud Project G. It's the only console in the world that lets you move the sound to suit room acoustics and music. "G" wins design awards too. $1600.00



Contessa is fashion conscious in a very elegant way and features the Clairtone-exclusive Automatic Fm Selector for touch key tuning of fm/stereo stations. $789.00

Listen to Sinatra on Clairtone stereo.

Clairtone stereo is one of the small American miracles that comes along every now and again to make life more pleasant. ☐ When we started Clairtone seven years ago we had four employees, including the President and Executive Vice-President. The first year we sold 350 sets and had the smallest Christmas party in the stereo business. ☐ To cut a long story short, this past summer we sold Clairtone set number 100,000 and are now the world's biggest specialists in package stereo sets. Bar none. ☐ But what we're proudest of is our customers, because they include a long list of people who are famous for knowing what music should sound like. For instance, Frank Sinatra. ☐ If you'd like to hear why people like this choose Clairtone you can go and see and listen to one in virtually any famous department store in North America, or a select number of music houses and appliance shops. Please do.

Sinatra does.



See him in Marriage on the Rocks, an A-C Production through Warner Brothers.

Not every store has Clairtone, only those with the highest reputation for service, quality and integrity: Abraham & Straus, New York*/B. Altman, & Co., New York/Bamberger's, New Jersey*/Barker Bros., Los Angeles*/Bloomingdale's, New York & New Jersey/Boston Store, Milwaukee*/Broadway Department Store, Los Angeles*/Curtis Brothers, Washington/Dayton's, Minneapolis & St. Paul*/Famous Barr, St. Louis*/Fedway, Pomona/Finger Furniture Co., Houston/Foley's, Houston*/B.Gertz Inc., New York*/Halle Bros., Cleveland*/D. H. Holmes, New Orleans & Baton Rouge*/Hudson's ,Detroit/Jordan Marsh, Miami & Fort Lauderdale/Macy's, New York*/Macy's California, San Francisco*/Marshall Field & Company, Chicago*/Polsky's, Akron/H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati*/Rich's, Inc., Atlanta*/J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles*/Sherman Clay, San Francisco*/Stern's, New York & New Jersey*/The Titche-Goettinger Co., Dallas*/Wallich's Music City, Los Angeles*/John Wanamaker's, Philadelphia* & Yonkers/Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne/Woodward & Lothrop, Washington*/and leading independent home entertainment dealers across the country. Clairtone Showrooms are located at. 681-5th Ave, New York/111 North Wabash Ave., Chicago/8899 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles.

*All Branches

CLAIRTONE

Does she...or doesn't she?

Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!™

Happiness can be a thing called trust—or the joy of being sure of someone. Or even some things like one's looks or the color of one's hair! That's why for her, Miss Clairol is sheer heaven. Not only does she trust it to keep the color young, fresh, natural looking, but she knows it's the most effective way to cover gray. And this is like discovering how to make time stand still.

Hairdressers recommend Miss Clairol and use it above all other colorings because their professional reputations depend on beautiful results. They know that nothing else comes up to Miss Clairol or keeps hair in such wonderful condition. That, too, is why more women use it. Quick, easy. Try it yourself. Today.

MISS CLAIROL®



Even close up, her hair looks natural. Miss Clairol keeps it shiny, bouncy. Completely covers gray with the younger, brighter, lasting color no other kind of haircoloring can promise—and live up to!

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

HAIR COLOR BATH is a trademark of Clairol Inc. © Clairol Inc. 1964

News!..The Cocktail Suit with full-swinging skirt in Natural Dark Ranch CANADA MAJESTIC* MINK



*TRADEMARK OF CANADA MINK BREEDERS

A FRENCH COUTURIER IN FUR Georges Kaplan 730 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

Evyan

The Essential Attributes to Loveliness



White Shoulders Perfume

Most Precious Cologne

White Shoulders Cologne

EVYAN PERFUMES, INC.



Watch them dance all night...the shimmering lights of

Jewels by TRIFARI®

"Symphony"...rhinestones with simulated sapphires, rubies, emeralds. Or all rhinestones. Necklaces and bracelets, $12.50 each. Earrings, $6.00.



the perfume for the cherished woman



Prophecy...new from Prince Matchabelli

Her radiance is a reflection
of love shared...a love that sustains her
in all she does. This is the woman
who wears Prophecy Perfume.

A new kind of stocking that fits your leg like make-up fits your face.

It's made of CANTRECE® NYLON —the new kind of fiber from Du Pont. Fits like stretch, flatters like mad. Try a pair today.



DU PONT

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

STOCKING SHOWN: CANTRECE* NYLON. *Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont ma[illegible] s, not stocking shown.



It's ⅓ of your life...spend it in Wamsutta luxury!

Schiffli, known to women who love fine things, delicately embroidered on Wamsutta Bon Soir™ sheets to make sleeping a delight. White Supercale® sheets, hemstitched and embroidered with a dainty floral motif in blue, pink, gold, green olive or white. The sheets, from $8.95. To match, luxuriant towels, the bath size about $4.00. WAMSUTTA MILLS (Division of M. Lowenstein & Sons, Inc.), 1430 Broadway, New York, New York 10018. Look for Wamsutta Lustercale sheets, Heritage towels, Wamsutta Babycale products and famous fashion fabrics for women, children and men.

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Pale Parfait Colors

Our worsted jersey turtle shift . . . lightly frosted with bone buttons and iced with a skinny sash of bone leather. About $70.

vanilla • strawberry
lemon • blue ice
Leon Frohsin • Atlanta
Higbee Co. • Cleveland
Lillie Rubin • Miami Beach

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

November 1

Greener pastures: spas

One dream of women is: rest. The rest that refreshes beauty, that puts a woman in fighting trim; that shows her how well she *could* look if only she had a chance to look well. And the rest of the dream, given the opportunity to run to a full reel, is: residence at a beauty spa for a week or so. . . . How we know about this dream-life is fairly simple. By keeping records of the number of calls per month from readers asking the whereabouts of a beauty spa able to cope with their state of "dead tired; I've got to rest. . . ." Seventy-six calls per month is average now; up about fifty since we first became spa-conscious a dozen or so years ago. Fortunately, the spa situation has grown to match the need. . . . Asked about a beauty spa for women a dozen years ago, we were able to name exactly three: one super-luxe spa, fully booked, with a waiting list going on into the next century; one practical little spa with no great airs, but a good diet table; and, more recently, one super-spa in California which began as a family-health-retreat in Mexico and then opened a splendour north of San Diego. . . . More recently, our spa map has filled out a bit; Florida bristles with them; Goshen, New York, has a glorious one. And now, in the past few weeks, Texas got its flag up with what may be one of the handsomest beauty spas in the world. Halfway between Dallas and Fort Worth. The Greenhouse has opened. Neiman-Marcus is, you might say, its mother. The famed Helen Corbitt, whose cookery has made N-M's in-store eating places adored. has supervised food that "tastes like a million calories, but keeps to 800 a day," if that's what charms you. Charles of the Ritz is in charge of the make-up and hair. And a swinging outfit called Great Southwest Corporation has put it together with the idea of making The Greenhouse a lure of an area that's just now in growth. . . . If you don't know how to brush your own hair beautifully before you leave, it won't be the fault of Neiman-Marcus. . . . Nor will it be, if you're not rested, refreshed, in fighting trim. . . .

Facelifting coiffure

The notion of hair pinned taut enough to give the face a lift was something we saw for the first time three months ago in Paris—Alexandre's band. No sooner had we mentioned it than word came from a reader who'd seen the same general idea in practice at "an obscure little beauty salon in California." Reader was good enough to include a step-by-step report of the performance—and, what's more, to interview the system's clients about exactly how their *heads* felt about the whole thing. Her report of the instant facelift that works by hair-combing is as follows: "After removing rollers, but before combing hair out. the hairdresser takes in hand a small section of hair about an inch in from the hairline and half an inch above eye-level. An identical section is similarly dealt with on the other side of the head. The two sections are pulled together at the top of the head and fastened with pins; and I mean they are *really* pulled." (Her italics.) "This lifts the skin of the upper face." . . . The comb-out then follows, covering the deception completely. How does the client feel at this point? "I asked the ladies if they found this uncomfortable, and they said: only for the first half hour; with a good fastening down, the lift lasts all day." . . .

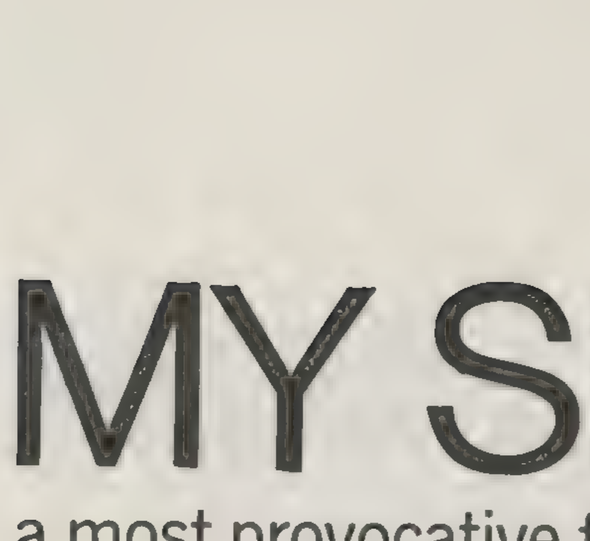
How long should a perfume last?

Four hours a perfume should last, say most people. Five times that, or twenty hours, say some others. The point is that somebody has come up with a perfume specifically designed to go the length. the full twenty hours. The somebody is Sutton. and what they've named their durable scent is Natif de France. A composition that combines orange flower with lavender. rose, jasmine, and certain Madagascar spices, Natif de France has been scientific about everything. Electronically-honed, its bottle stop is formidably anti-leakage.

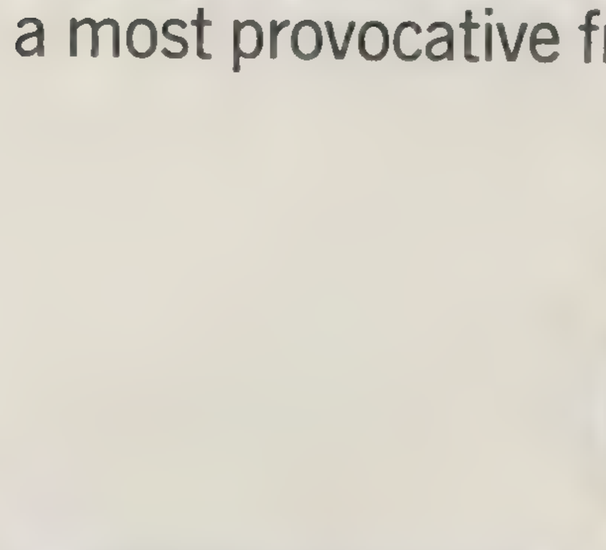
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MY SIN

a most provocative fragrance



1


2



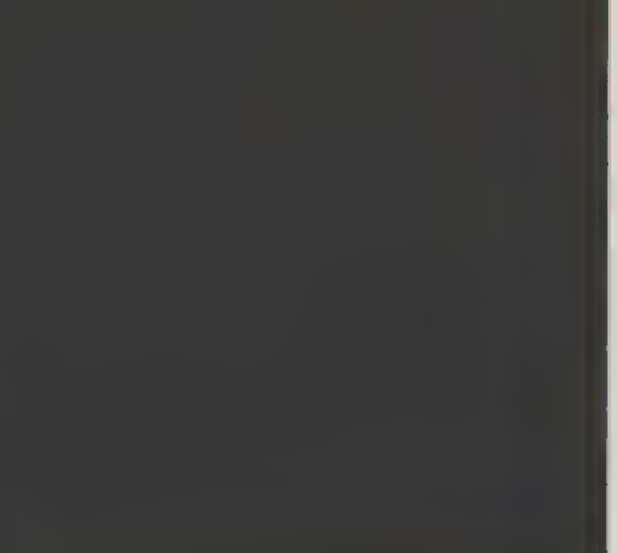
3





1. 'A Veil of My Sin', New this year— from $4.00
2. Natural Spray®, pure perfume or
   Eau de Lanvin, each $5.00
   Bottle of Eau de Lanvin, from $5.00
3. Black Ball bottle of perfume, from $30.00
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4. Eau de Lanvin, atomizer and
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6. Dusting Powder, $5.00

LANVIN


6

ENKA NYLON

SOFT, WASHABLE, COLOR MAD

Loungees®

LOUNGEES has its heart set on flattering you. That's why they use one of the Enka yarns that assure The Look That Flatters. This time it's Enka nylon, made into a flattering nylon tricot, made in turn, by Loungees into this lovely quilted robe. Enka nylon makes it soft, rich, washable—a delight to the eye and the touch. For mother: 10-20, $13.00. For daughter: 4-6x, $9.00. 8-14, $11.00. The robe is in white, pink and blue, and features a wide nylon raschel lace collar and cuffs; Rosebud appliqué front closing and collar touch. Lovely. (Prices by the way are slightly higher on the west coast.) Look for it at Bloomingdale's, New York; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Rich's, Atlanta; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Filene's, Boston; Carson Pirie Scott & Company, Chicago; Shillito's, Cincinnati; Higbee's, Cleveland; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Foley's, Houston; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles; Bullock's, Pasadena; Bullock's, San Fernando; Bullock's Westwood, West Los Angeles; Burdine's, Miami; Boston Store, Milwaukee; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Capwell's, Oakland; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Thalhimer's, Richmond; B. Forman Co., Rochester; The Emporium—Northern California, San Francisco; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C. You'll love being flattered.

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IT'S THE LOOK THAT FLATTERS

Pamper yourself!

Let your hairdresser color-style your hair with ROUX*

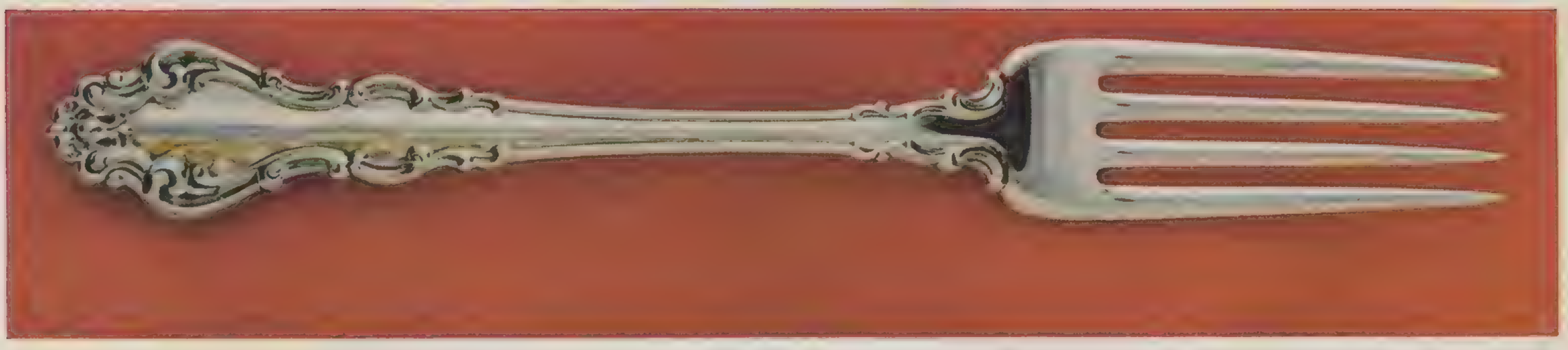
Tired of hair color that's not-quite-right? Looking for color that really does what it should for you? *Then visit your hairdresser.* And let a trained professional colorist pamper your hair—with dependable, professional coloring! ■ For nearly a third of a century Roux has been a favorite of professional colorists. Because it provides the rich, truly natural looking color you've been seeking. And the healthier looking glow, the silky-soft feel you've wanted. Because it makes your hair color more exciting—and so helps you feel more exciting yourself! ■ So if you've tired of the ordinary, go see your hairdresser. It's worth it!



Professional Cosmetics for Lovelier Hair Color

FANCI-TONE* Creme Hair Tint for lasting color ■ NICE CHANGE* Hair Color Lotion for semi permanent color ■ FANCI-FULL* Rinse for temporary color ■ Let your hairdresser advise the type, as well as the color, that best suits your needs.

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wore a crown. Reed & Barton seems to remember and curves a crown
around every single piece of its newest sterling silver pattern.
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GIVE LAVISHLY

GIVE VOGUE

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An astonishing journey

(Continued from page 16)

The first night we spent in Castellón de Ampurias; Diable was tired, the streets were dark and silent, an old woman dressed in black watched me indifferently from the shadows that enclosed her. Eventually, a man whom I had seen before in Cadaqués found me wandering from street to street, took me to a restaurant, fed me, and put Diable in a stable. He claimed to be the greatest poet in Spain, and we conversed in bad French about our different outlooks on life and ourselves. His eyes turned silver against the light whenever his swollen fingers felt my hand with mischief and loneliness. I spent the night in the stable with Diable and in the morning started down the road to Le Perthus, the border of France and Spain, heading first for a small village called La Junquera, eighteen kilometres from Figueras.

Diable and I galloped through the olive groves in the hot sun until we lost ourselves amongst a great bamboo plantation. We followed narrow, dense paths which led us to a secret vegetable garden generous with vegetables for me and grass for Diable. We rested there two hours, eating, watching the birds fly across the garden and disappear. I picked peppers, lettuce, and tomatoes and stuffed them into my bag. Diable fed peacefully, sometimes stopping to drink from a spring that started there. I felt lonely and secret; only Diable knew where I was in the world, no one else.

We arrived in La Junquera around five o'clock. The town was beautiful, lit in the cold evening sun and lying solitary along the banks of a muddy river. Pines and oaks sheltered the white cottages, and behind the village rose copper-coloured mountains dressed with pines, sage, and wild flowers. I camped higher than the village, beside the river.

For fifty pesetas (about seventy-five cents), I bought grain and bran for Diable. Hay was given free. At dusk I swam in a lake nearby, the water, calm and transparent, reflecting white and coral clouds from the sky. I collected wood and wild sage for a fire, feeling happy despite Diable's loud scream accusing me of desertion. I sang by the roaring fire which I had started with England's famous Zip Firelighters. I huddled comfortably in my shawl and cloak, tossing bits of conversation to Diable who was tied on a long rope to a bush of bamboo. I cooked apples and bread spiced with wild sage, and became intensely irritated when it rained just softly enough to dampen the fire and arouse restlessness against sleep. It also meant I would have to give Diable a rubdown until morning to prevent him from catching a cold.

The next day I reached Le Perthus, riding slowly behind a train of cars. To get a horse through customs, I had been warned, was difficult, and I had only my passport—no certificate of health for Diable. I had been assured by a vet that I should be able to buy one at the border. Diable and I walked through No Man's Land with our heads high. I could see the French policemen ahead. They had hard and weary faces. They laughed and waved me on. I came to the last guard. "Wine for breakfast," I thought joyfully. But policemen don't like too much joy. He asked for Diable's papers, and I had to go back down the dull winding road towards Spain.

The following night, after a long day of producing the expensive yet necessary papers for Diable, I emerged from Spain into France. I soon realized that a blond girl riding through Spain is a more usual figure than a blond girl riding through France or perhaps, in better words, more of an expected one. People in the few towns we had passed refused to give any advice as to the whereabouts of a stable for Diable. In Spain, the villagers had at least tried to find some food and lodgings for us both.

At one point, after two weeks' solid riding, I had to rest Diable for four days. We stayed in a

(Continued on page 84)



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ALMAY
HYPO-ALLERGENIC



An astonishing journey

(Continued from page 83)

small town called Coursan, thirty-eight kilometres from Narbonne. Diable's legs had become so weak during the course of the journey that he would almost collapse when I jumped on his back. He also had become very thin and refused to lie down, which is the first serious symptom of general fatigue. With the aid of a policeman I found a very fine stable in Coursan, and I watered Diable's legs twice daily to bring out the fever in them. By the second day, he looked like a new horse.

The townspeople were French. They were kind and interested in my journey, yet somehow distant and reserved. The people who had given me the stabling for Diable let me wash all my clothes in their garden, but they wouldn't really speak to me or invite me into their house —not that I cared because I equally disliked obligation—but that somehow was the main, if only, difference between the Spanish and the French.

The Spanish took offense if you refused to eat at their tables, if you didn't accept their beds, whereas the French, not all but most, left you independent and free. For me, what could have been a better mixture? For the first two days in Coursan most of the village inhabitants were open with me as well as friendly. They talked of their children and farmland, telling me their hardships and annual festivals.

By the third day the attitude towards me had changed from curiosity to boredom and slight hostility. Men shouted insults at me, as I passed them in the street, old women whispered gravely when I said good morning to them; I was glad to be leaving the next day. When I did leave, small children threw rocks at me. The old men who stood on the bridge during the day watched calm-eyed and solemn, sometimes urging them to throw more. So that was my final farewell.

I can't understand why they threw rocks or why I had become a vagrant in so short a time. Perhaps it was my general untidiness along with their feeling that it was all a slight indecency. I don't know exactly. But I did notice that people had a fear of dirt, an exaggerated one. I had forgotten there was such a thing.

At Coursan I had spent all my money except for five francs which I kept for an emergency. Now I would have to live on the charity of other people. Before, when I had spent the night in a stable, which happened quite often, I would always leave five francs behind as a "thank you" token. Sometimes I was naturally expected to pay for food and stables. I had expected that myself. But now, if I were expected to pay for them, I would have to sleep in the vineyards and watch Diable slowly dwindle with sickness.

Luckily, people sensed lack of wealth, and the shabbier we became, the kinder and more generous the people became. For instance, on the same day I left Coursan, a pilot offered to fly Diable and me to the Camargue. When I refused, he told me at least to put Diable in his stables at the airfield. The stables were the grandest lodgings Diable had all during the trip. Giant fountains gushed water; the stalls were large enough for him to gallop in. He had the finest oats and hay given to him as well as a professional rub-downist.

I, meanwhile, had an elaborate dinner with the pilot in Béziers. He refused to listen to my "no thank you" and "I love sleeping in the stables." He talked about flying and his lost girl friend. I told him about my ride so far, and what I wanted to do later on in life. We advised and comforted each other and during the course of the evening became extremely close. He was, on the whole, a sad person, deeply conscious of things and people around him, and very beautiful looking with sky-coloured eyes and sun-streaked hair. We walked around Béziers later on in the night, talking, laughing, trying out the different night-clubs from time to time. He de-

(Continued on page 102)

There's no body in the world quite like Susan Larsen's body.

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And that's why Jantzen chose a power lace with a Vyrene base for their Jantzina coordinate bra and "Pirdle" (not a girdle, not a panty girdle, but the best of both.)

When they made Susan Larsen, they threw away the mold. You won't find another set of curves quite like hers, because no two women are built exactly alike.

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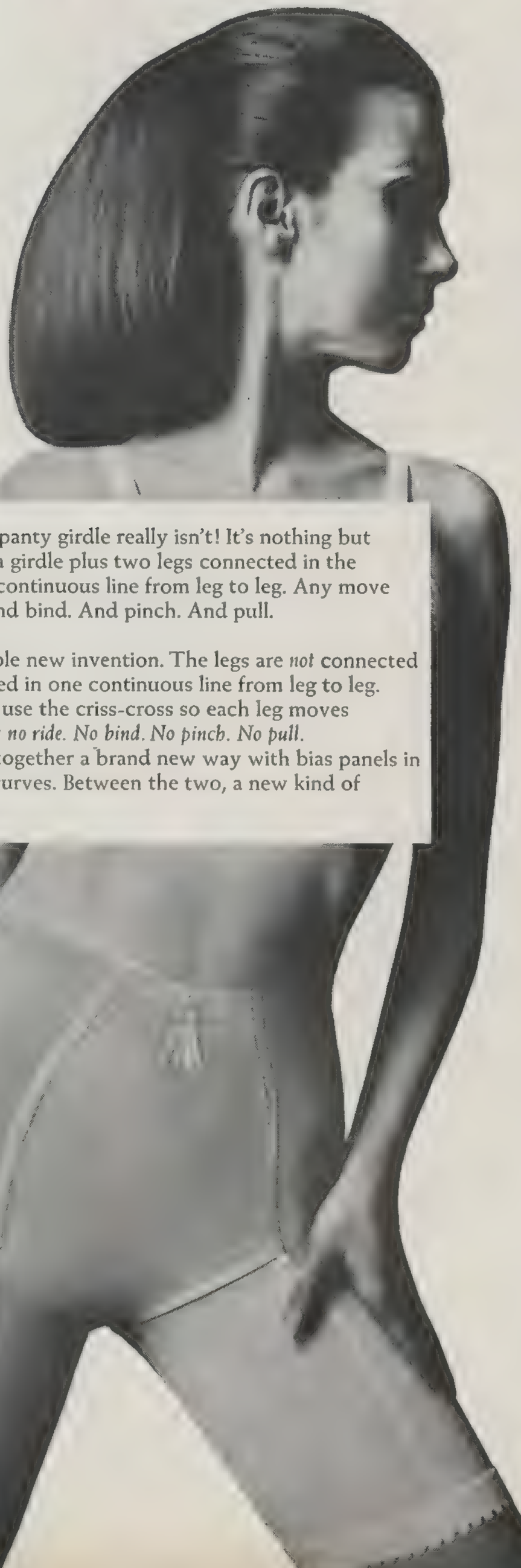
LINEN & LEATHER BAG, GLOVES, SHOES AND PERFUME • • ETIENNE AIGNER, 22 WEST 32 STREET, NEW YORK CITY

and now...the Secret of the Sea. Dorothy Gray did it!

Once... only the woman who lived in a misty sea climate had skin so soft, so breathtaking. Today, Dorothy Gray captures the Secret of the Sea in a lavish line of treatments for face, hands, all over. Mystically, each rare discovery draws and holds moisture in your skin... caressing you with the deep soft beauty only the Secret of the Sea yields. Revel in it from top to toe, in creams and lotions, bath oil ... the newest makeup.



Sarong just invented the first panty girdle that's not just a "girdle with legs."





What you've been calling a panty girdle really isn't! It's nothing but a "girdle with legs." See! It's a girdle plus two legs connected in the middle. It's designed in one continuous line from leg to leg. Any move you make—the legs ride. And bind. And pinch. And pull.



Sarong's "So-Freee" is a whole new invention. The legs are *not* connected in the middle. It's *not* designed in one continuous line from leg to leg. Sarong found a new way to use the criss-cross so each leg moves separately, freely. *Now there's no ride. No bind. No pinch. No pull.*

Sarong's "So-Freee": Sheer Spandex put together a brand new way with bias panels in front for control. Bias panels in back for curves. Between the two, a new kind of comfort. Enjoy it.

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All elastic: Nylon, Spandex, Acetate.

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Why pick up any old pair of pants in your closet when you can pair up pants and shirts that were made for each other! See how perfectly the shirt's dazzling print matches the pants. And notice how gently and authoritatively these pants fit. Lady Manhattan® all the way! Shirt: our exclusive Miracron® broadcloth that glows like silk, washes like cotton. 85% Dacron® polyester, 15% Avron® rayon. Cherry, blue, gold. Sizes 8/18. About $13.00. Stretch pants, with detachable stirrups: 68% rayon and 32% nylon stretch. Proportioned lengths. Coordinated colors. About $13.00. Prices slightly higher in the West. Available at fine stores throughout the United States.

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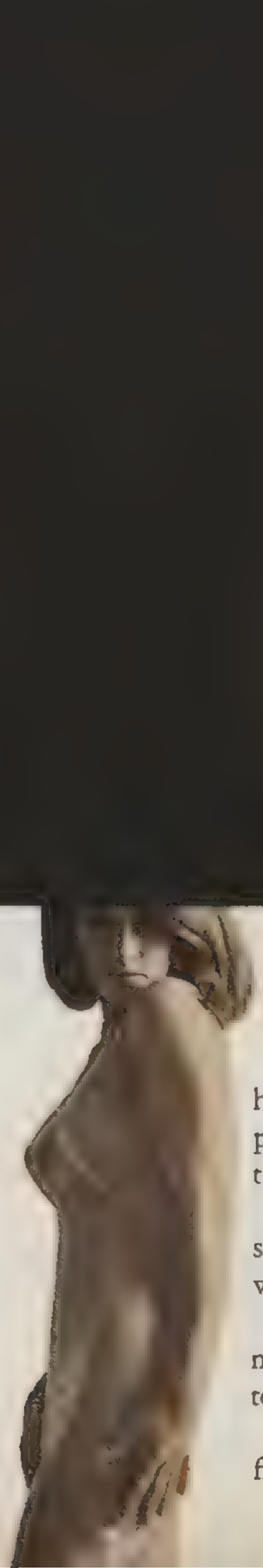
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A division of The Manhattan Shirt Company

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4711 Cologne isn't a perfumed cologne. 4711 is unique; it's the refreshant cologne. Its own scent subtly fades, while an unusually refreshing, tingling feeling lingers. 4711 even enhances your usual fragrance. (It can't clash, ever.) After your bath or shower, splash on 4711. Or, with a tissue or damp facecloth, use a little now and then through the day. After your splash with 4711 Cologne, wear any perfume or perfumed cologne you happen to like. Especially if you happen to like our 4711 Tosca Perfumed Cologne.



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The shoulder

The shoulder is more than just a thing to hang straps from. It's a curving, contributing part of a woman's shape. And it should be treated as such.

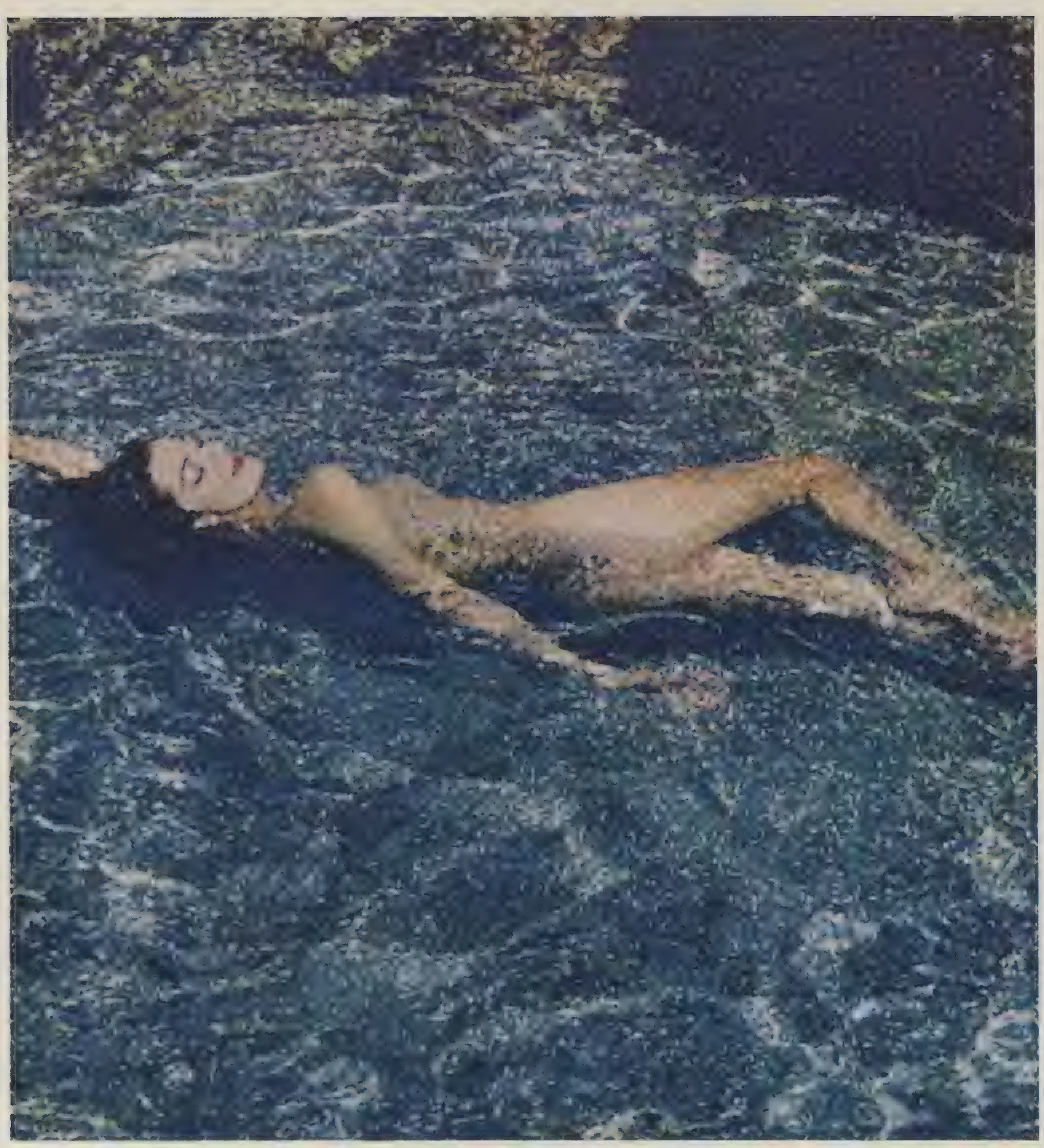
Now how does one improve the shape of a shoulder? By leaving it alone. By not creasing it with straps that may dig in and distort the flesh.

At least, that's the way Beau-Sure does it. We make our straps so they just float gently on top of the skin.

Of course, we can do that because our slips fit so well. They don't have to cling heavily to the straps for support. Why not? Because this slip is tailored to hug your body: tapering where your torso tapers, sweeping out where your hips sweep out.

And there's never any leftover slip to bunch up and put lumps in your shape. The look isn't sexier or more sensational. It's just more honest.

You can also get the honest look from our panties, nightwear, loungewear. All are made with Beaunit tricot of Blue "C"® nylon. Let us make an honest woman of you. **BEAU SURE**™



drift in serenity...in an Abano bath



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Abano Bath Oil *smooths* your body...
its fragrance *soothes* your soul...does just what the Ancients knew fragrance could do. Drift in Abano—slowly breathe in Abano's exotic fragrance—and feel trouble-making tensions glide away.
You find again your own true core of serenity. You emerge, renewed for living, wrapped in a silken robe of lasting fragrance.
New! Nice! Bath Oil Capsules—
50 pre-measured baths, 3.75 In bottles, 1.50 to 16.50
Abano Bath Oil by Prince Matchabelli



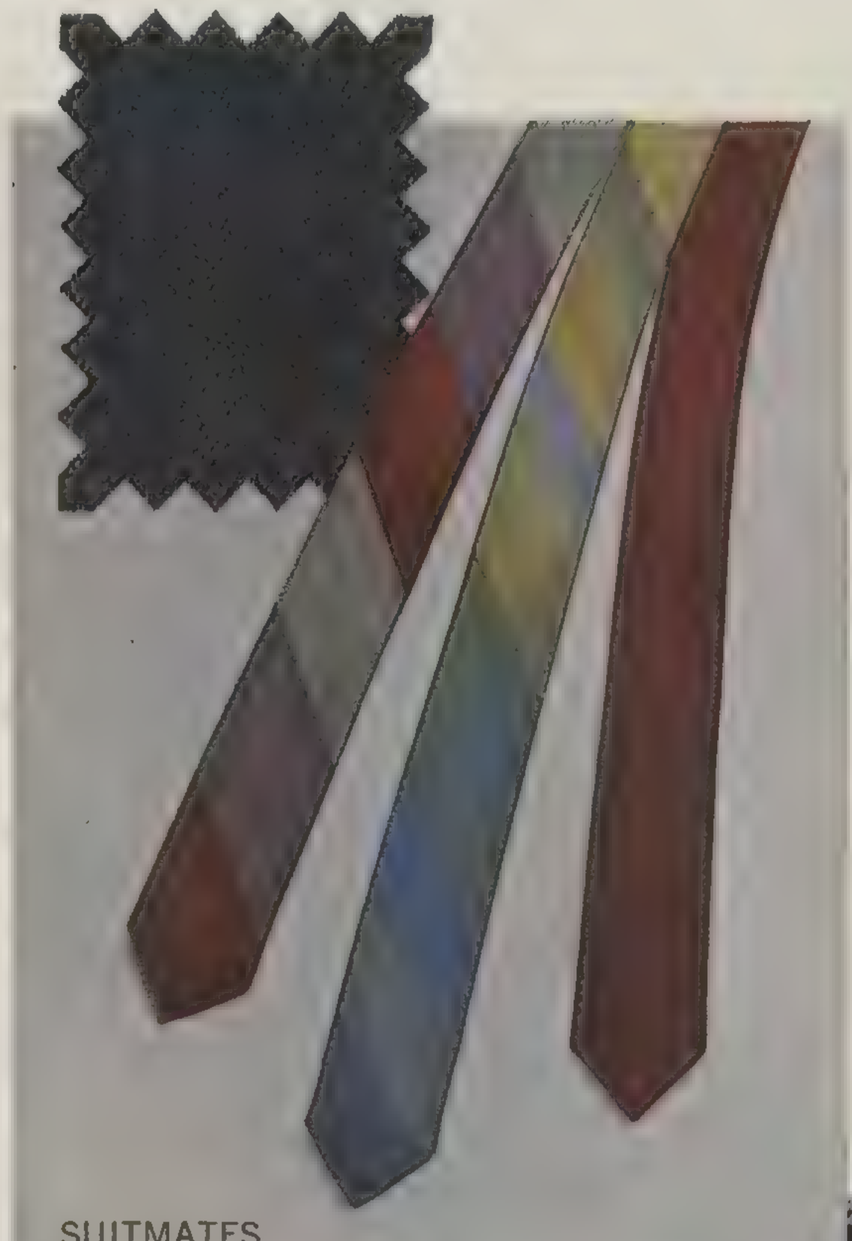
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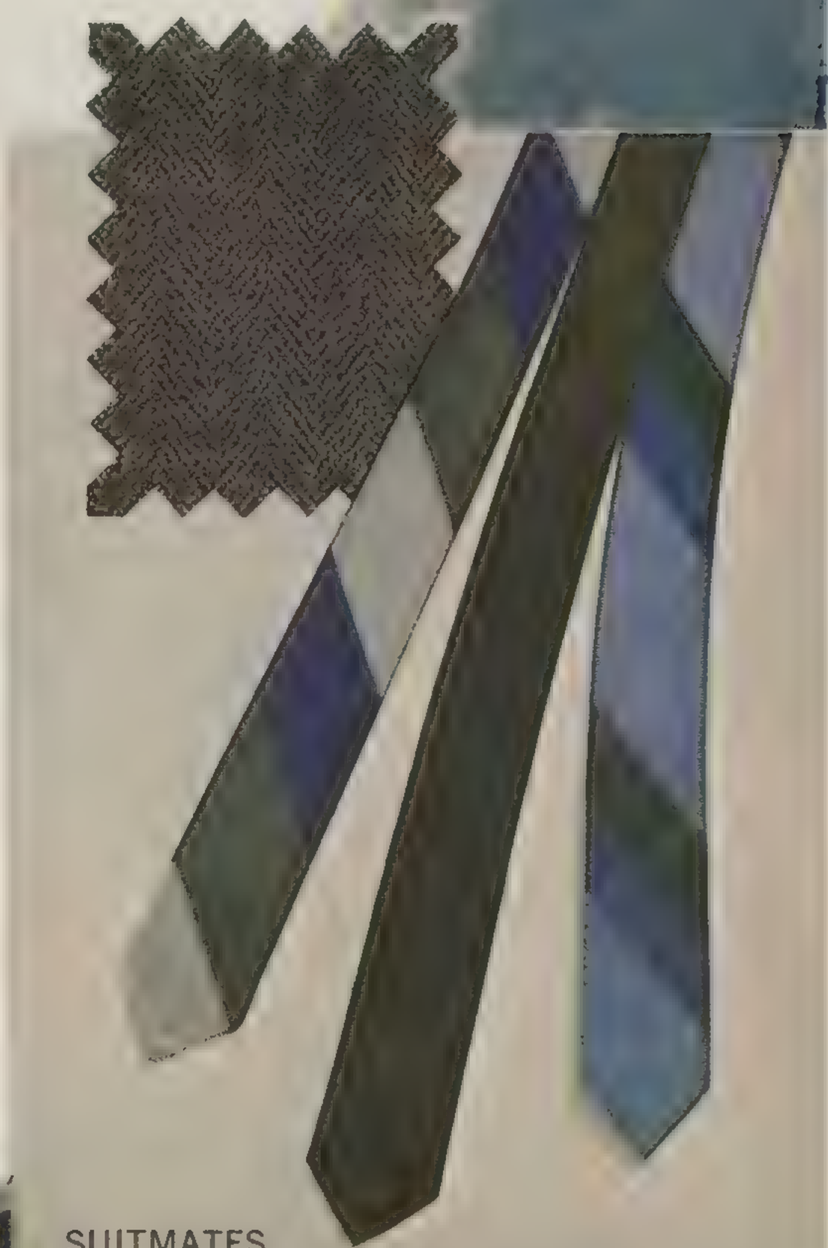
"Darling—am I wearing the right tie?"



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to wear with the new enlivened granite greys



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For the
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Smoothie®
CLASSIQUE

An astonishing journey

(Continued from page 84)

manded nothing from me except company for the short while I was with him. We both knew we wouldn't see each other again and probably wouldn't try to. When I became tired, he put me up in the grandest hotel against all my efforts to stop him, and left me, saying he would pick me up in the morning.

I slept well that night—had my first bath in two weeks as well as a good washing of my hair which was knotted with wind and dirt. He picked me up at eight the next morning and gave me breakfast. We had planned to fly in his plane that morning, but the winds were too heavy, and it became impossible. I hated to say good-bye to him. I longed, for the first time, for Diable to be a little weak so I could stay with him another day, but the rub-downist had massaged him too well and his spirit proved far too much renewed.

Dali, in the meantime, had set swans' eggs to guide me along the smaller routes leading to and from Route Nationale. I didn't learn of this until he told me when I returned to Cadaqués. Apparently a friend of his found one on his way back from the Camargue going in the direction of Spain. Dali called him "The Turtle," saying that he always came just after a disaster, one second too late. He then thought I was in a disaster and sent a helicopter to find me. "The helicopter would pick you up . . . and take you back to Cadaqués for one 'minute' only so you could see the bay . . . and then, off you would go again to complete your ride," he said to me when I returned. However, that too seemed to miss me and I continued to ride the long road.

The last week began to get me down. I had to live on instinct more than anything else. I fed on the apple trees and scarce vegetable gardens. I was pressed for time because Diable wouldn't last out much longer. I hadn't any money, and the weather was rainy and cold. Before, it was all an excitement, the hardships and doubts. Now it was a bore, almost a trap one couldn't escape from, a constant feeling of anxiety and having to go on.

I was afraid to stop at a café for fear Diable would weaken even more if given rest, which was often the case for some reason. If I came to a village which had a stable, I would have to stay there for fear I wouldn't find another one by nightfall. I noticed that my hearing had become extremely acute; I could hear a car coming long before it was in sight. I knew by instinct where water was, when it would rain and how strongly. I could smell chicken farms from a long distance away; I knew where I could find fruit and which roads to take in getting there. Touch, through my fingers, became important to me. I became superstitious, collecting certain stones for luck and health. I learned that oak leaves keep the skin warm, if you rub yourself with them. Other leaves didn't have that quality. I knew which sort of person to trust and which person not to trust. Sometimes men would follow me on the roads and try to talk with me. To some I would reveal a history, others I wouldn't answer at all. When the wind blew, I could almost understand what it was saying; it became either a warning to me or a reassurance of something that would happen that day. I noticed that all the times in my life which were happiest were times when I had to fight for survival.

From Béziers I rode on to Mèze. In Mèze, which is a factory town, a family took Diable and me in as part of their family. They were a French family, and I didn't want to leave, because I knew I wouldn't ever see them again. Such people often became my closest friends, not excluding my friends of former times.

Another time, near the sea at Narbonne where wild horses grazed silently, pheasants flew free, a fresh smell of green spilled through the air, and the sea was painted pink and pale blue by the sunset, I met a Spanish family who asked me to stay

(Continued on page 130)



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VOGUE'S

At the carbonated spa, Saratoga Springs, the Fasig-Tipton Yearling Sales

After a sporting week of watching early morning workouts, attending auctions, and judging horseflesh, racing people from all over the world gathered in a green-and-white paddock, brilliantly lit, for the final night of the famous yearling sales. "Seven, Jim," said one bidder, and a spotter hoisted the price of a pawing colt from sixty-nine to seventy thousand dollars. For a bay filly for Raymond R. Guest, senior's stables, the auctioneer thumped the gavel down at $125,000—the highest bid ever in Saratoga's horsy history. By the time the auction audience, some in black tie and evening dress, went on to the gala ball,



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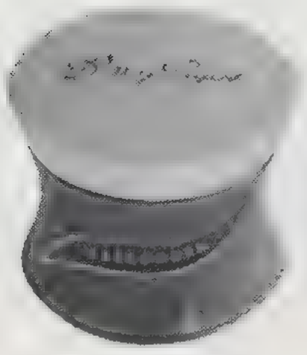


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NOTEBOOK

the scoreboard had broken all records. Well over a million dollars for these champion-sired colts and fillies that will wear the racing colours of some of the greatest stables in the country. 1. The auctioneer Mr. Ralph H. Retler with Mr. John M. S. Finney. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard. 3. Mr. Nelson Doubleday, *left*, Mr. Ogden Mills Phipps, and Mrs. Nelson Doubleday. 4. Mr. Daniel G. Van Clief and Mr. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. 5. The Fasig-Tipton paddock. 6. Wing Commander and Mrs. Tim Vigors. 7. Mrs. Robert S. Coleman and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. 8. Mr. and Mrs. John A. Morris.



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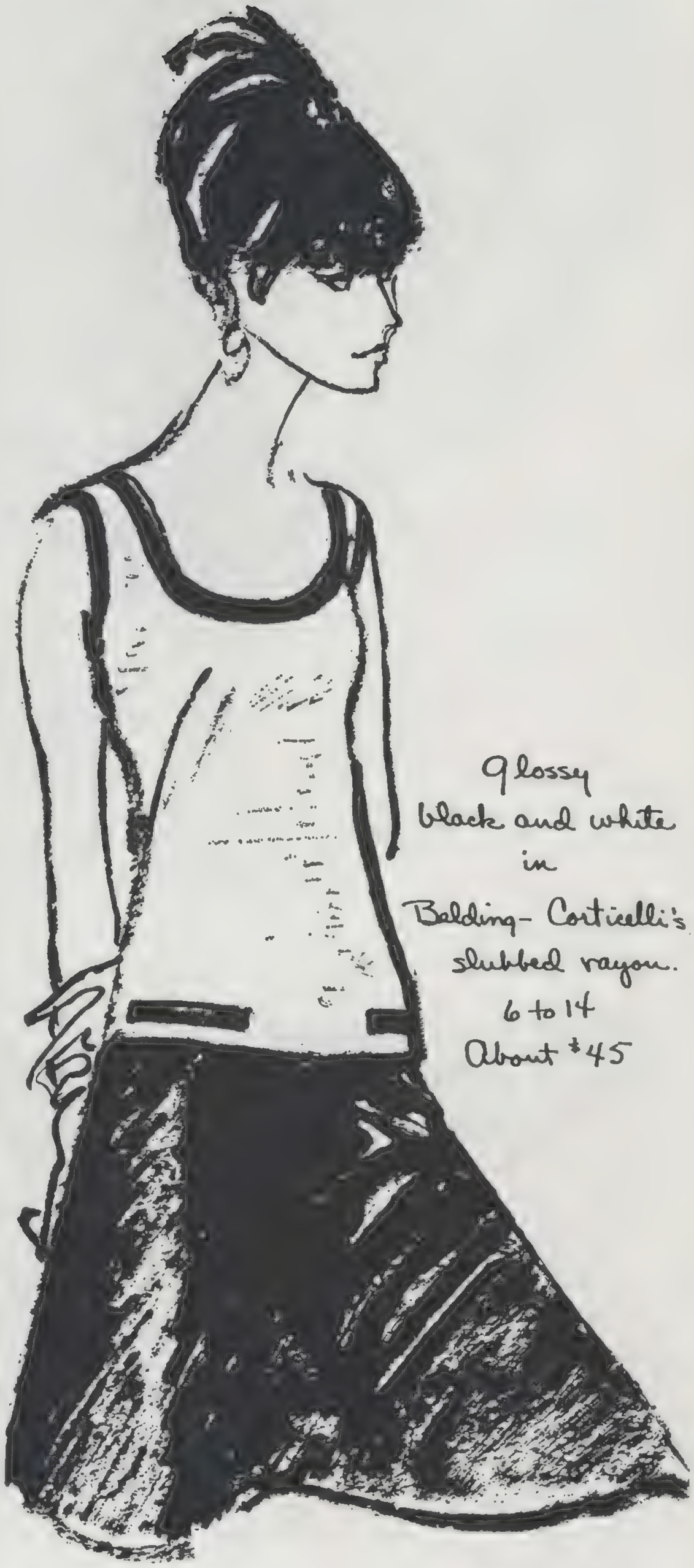
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VOGUE'S

A classic ball for the new Performing Arts Center, in Saratoga Springs

This grand ball, after the yearling sales, in the columned Hall of Springs benefitted the new Saratoga Performing Arts Center, which next summer opens for an eight-week festival. People will see there the New York City Ballet in July, hear Eugene Ormandy and The Philadelphia Orchestra in August. With music, ballet, the waters, and horses, Saratoga Springs stands to become a glorious hybrid of Aix, Ascot, and Aspen—all in New York State

1. The ball in the Hall of Springs. 2. Mrs. Winston F. C. Guest; Mrs. Edmund C. Lynch. 3. Mrs. Stephen Sanford. 4. Mrs. Ogden Phipps; Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney. 5. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney; Mrs. Frank McMahon. 6. Mr. Gates Davison; Miss Cynthia Phipps; Mrs. Peter Duchin; Count Vega del Ren.

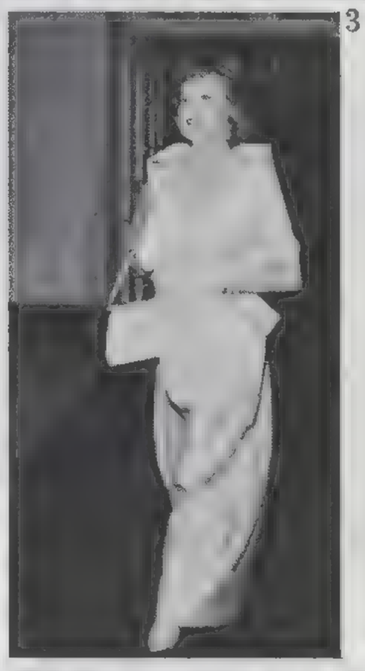
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NOTEBOOK

Roman Party, Russian Switch

For this party votive lights dimpled the terrace of Princess Irene Galitzine's Roman apartment above the cypress-spired Borghese gardens. Many of the women, including the Princess, wore spiralling Galitzine pyjamas, wind-whipped by a fresh breeze. For her American and European friends, the Russian-born designer chose a Russian supper—caviar, chicken Kiev, vodka—to celebrate her new Galitzine collection.

1. Signorina Gioconda Crivelli; Signor Gaspero del Corso; Donna Giovanna Caracciolo. 2. Princess Irene Galitzine; Baroness Fiona Thyssen-Bornemisza. 3. Mr. Robert Haggiag; Miss Marisa Berenson. 4. Signor Francesco Formosa; Signora Loredana Pavone. 5. Countess Vera von Lehndorff; Mr. David Niven, junior. 6. Signora Donina Gnecchi.



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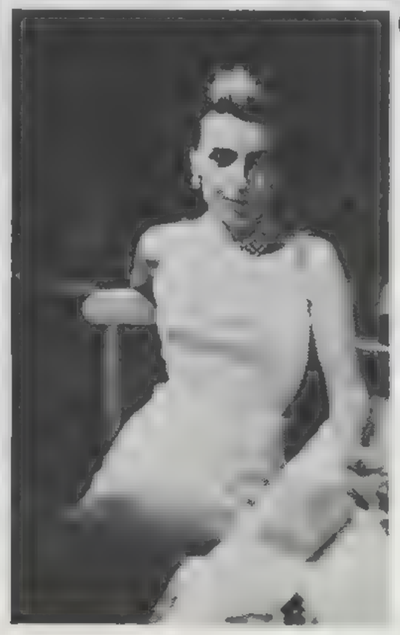
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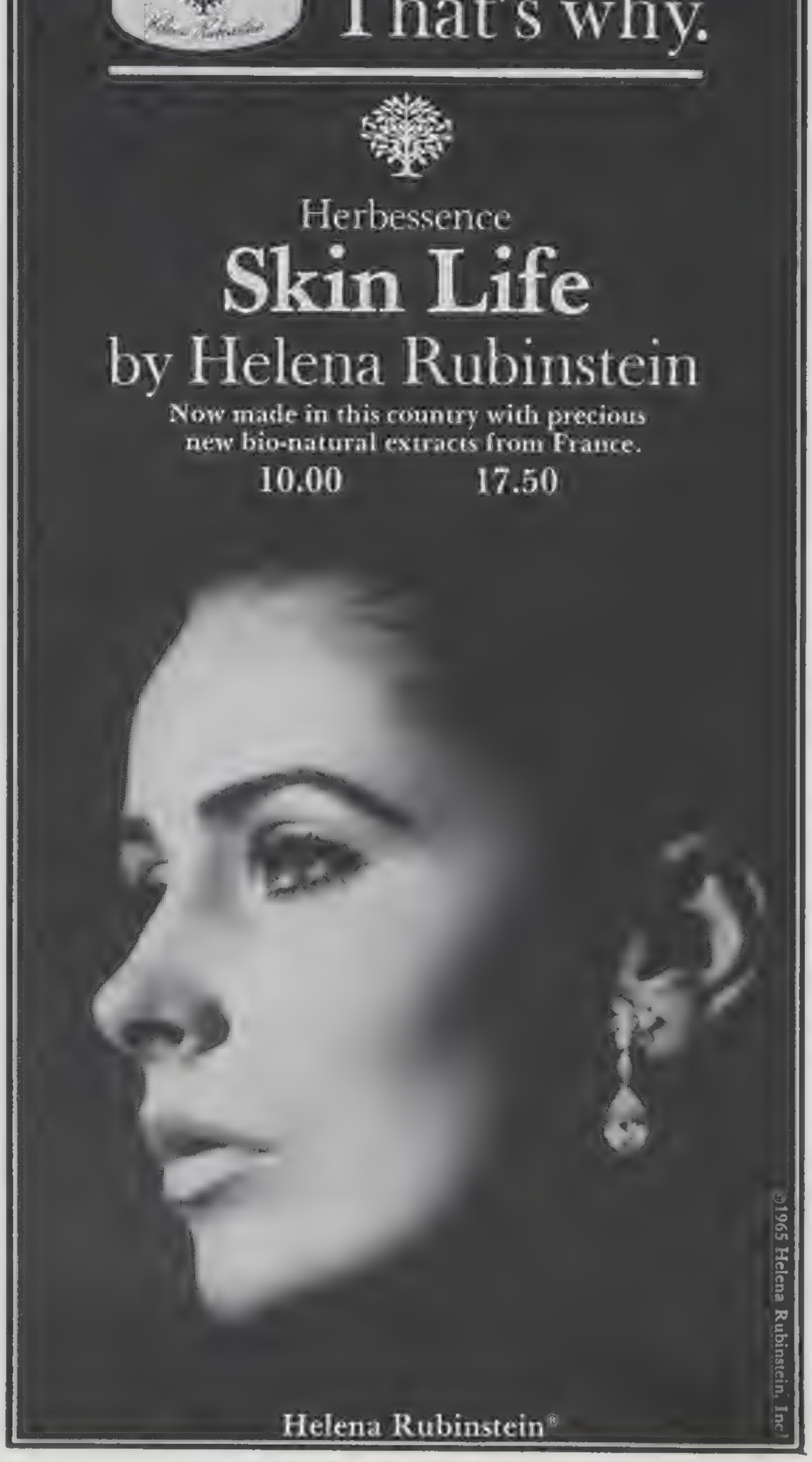
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VOGUE'S

A studio hop, in the Hamptons, to benefit a new school

"Call it a studio safari," said Larry Rivers, one of the artist hosts for this amusing afternoon to benefit the new Hampton Day School which will open next year in East Hampton. In station wagons and Jags, with free-hand maps as guides, two hundred guests spun past miles of Long Island potato fields and on beach lanes to visit a dozen famous artists, ended up at a champagne party at the East Hampton house of Mr. and Mrs. David D. Brockman. Among the tour's delights: Larry Rivers's own Southampton shed, as revved up as the racing motorcycle parked at the door. . . . Alexander Brook's Sag Harbor barn, all Gulley Jimson raffishness, with its paint pots, its bed decorated with Brook nudes. . . . Alfonso Ossorio's vast Mediterranean villa on Georgica Pond; his studio a flea-market display of the seashells, bones, flitter,

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NOTEBOOK

that go into an Ossorio collage, his main house a treasury of Jackson Pollocks, Dubuffets, and tropical birds. In each studio, visitors had a chance to buy works of the painter or sculptor, with part of the sales' earnings going to the School. It was all a splendid scramble, a larky way to raise money.

1. Mr. Larry Rivers with, *left,* his "storm window" portrait of the sculptor Jean Tinguely. 2. Mr. William King with his vinyl sculptures. 3. Mr. Esteban Vicente with three of his untitled abstractions. 4. Mr. Adolph Gottlieb, on his painting ladder, in front of the huge "Two Discs." 5. Mr. Alexander Brook with a portrait, "Tamara." 6. Mr. Alfonso Ossorio among his materials.



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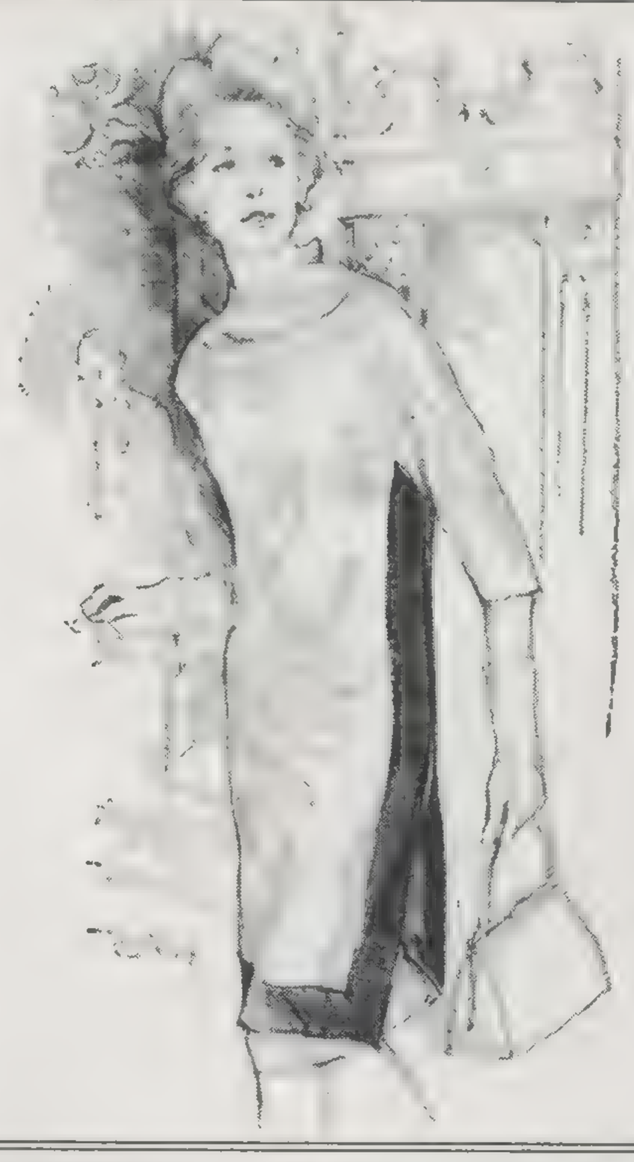
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VOGUE'S

The dazzling marriage ball, in Germany, for Prince and Princess Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Langenburg

"We stepped back into Ruritania," said an American guest at this party celebrating both the wedding of Princess Charlotte von Croÿ to Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and the young couple's return, after their marriage in Vienna, to Schloss Langenburg, the gabled family castle where they will live. As they stood on a balcony, villagers in the castle's cobbled courtyard cheered them; the town band, in scarlet uniform, played; girls, in black and white costumes, carried torches. For dancing after dinner, the Schloss museum was transformed into a glittery ballroom. The bride and groom opened the waltzing, followed by the groom's uncle, H.R.H. Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, with his sister, H.R.H. Princess Margarita zu Hohenlohe-Langenburg. But after a bit, the beat switched from three-fourths to disco, continued until dawn when the last guests drove into "Hohenloheland" . . . called that be-



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NOTEBOOK

cause Hohenlohe castles pepper these southern German foothills. 1. The bride and groom with their families, including, second from right, the groom's mother, H.R.H. Princess Margarita zu Hohenlohe-Langenburg, flanked by the bride's parents, Prince and Princess Alexander von Croÿ. 2. Señorita Maravillas Domecq; Prince Johannes Hohenlohe-Jagstberg. 3. Mrs. Alexander McEwen; Prince Metternich. 4. *Centre:* Prince Guelph of Hannover; Princess Ludwig of Hesse and the Rhine. 5. The bride with H.R.H. Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. 6. Count Markwart Solms; Prince Andreas zu Hohenlohe-Langenburg; the groom and bride. 7. The village band. 8. Princess George of Hannover; Prince Ludwig of Hesse and the Rhine. 9. Princess Amia Schwarzenberg; the Margrave of Baden; Princess Luise Schönberg; Prince Andreas zu Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: MOVIES

By Joan Didion

A Rage to Live,

"*Hollywood does not get O'Hara's game*"

The movie is *A Rage to Live*, the scene a dance. The country club looks less like a country club than a Y-Teen centre, and John O'Hara would notice that everyone has on the wrong kind of dinner jacket, but never mind dinner jackets now. Watch Suzanne Pleshette. She has already established her interpretation of Grace Caldwell Tate: Gidget gone wrong. Now she is being introduced to Bradford Dillman, who will marry her, although not before the scene in which he pounds on a tree and says, "Why did you have to tell me, Grace, *why?*" Now, however, he is telling her only that he is a Yale graduate and plans to buy a farm. Does he know farming? "Hardly," he chuckles. "I come from a long line of Wall Street brokers."

Although I clearly had a kind of sleazy good time at *A Rage to Live*, in retrospect I am surly about it, just as I was about *Ten North Frederick, From the Terrace, Butterfield 8:* there was no reason for any of them to be so bad. This is no *Harlow*, no *Youngblood Hawke;* this is John O'Hara, a writer not only possessed of a real social intelligence, but obsessed by the very area in which the camera works flawlessly: manners, style, surface. His characters do not simply contemplate their fate but drive relentlessly toward it; his narratives depend not upon reflection but upon observable moves in an observable social game.

One of the screen's great talents is for picking up and making a point of the minutiae of just such games. Think of *Darling, The Pumpkin Eater, Hud*, think of Joseph Losey's movies. Think even of *Home from the Hill*, with its rigorous definition of mores in east Texas in the Thirties. But Hollywood does not get O'Hara's game; either does not get it or makes the shoddy assumption that the audience will not get it. Hollywood looks at Gibbsville and some glaucoma of the social eye sets in, so that we get pictures like *A Rage to Live*, in which The Time Is Now, the place could well be Anytown, U.S.A., and the houses look as if they had been decorated speculatively in hopes of a sale to the late Bugsy Siegel. "What was Grace Caldwell doing in this house?" a character asks quite early in the action. I wondered too, and it is a less trivial concern than it might seem.

The Cincinnati Kid,

"*The memory of The Hustler*"

The word on the morning line is that *The Cincinnati Kid* is *Son of The Hustler*, and not quite legitimate. Actually the two pictures differ in intent. Stained washbasins notwithstanding, *The Hustler* was anti-realist, a dream of pool balls clicking, shadowy figures, undertones of cruelty and inversion. *The Cincinnati Kid* is essentially realistic: Steve McQueen is a stud poker player, nothing more. He has friends, a girl. The man to beat has a background, too: he once played for six days on the "Mauretania," but he is tired now. There are diversions: a cock fight; a tailgate funeral; Rip Torn with a shooting gallery in his living room; Ann-Margret's hard, febrile, little face, as she cheats at a jigsaw puzzle by paring the pieces; Tuesday Weld explaining a French movie she has seen, all the while putting out a cigarette in Steve McQueen's bathwater. Nothing seems to be at stake; but I wonder if it is not simply the memory of *The Hustler* that makes us think something should be.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By Jean Stafford

Yes I Can, the Story of Sammy Davis, Jr.,

"naïveté, courage, warmth of heart"

For the most part, born-in-a-trunk-while-the-show-is-on-the-road, rags-to-riches, slump-and-comeback stories are as predictable as a cuckoo clock in good working order. *Yes I Can, the Story of Sammy Davis, Jr.*, by Sammy Davis, Jr., and Jane and Burt Boyar (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), suffers from familiar faults: it is half a dozen times too long; it is clogged with soporific details to do with contracts and moneys and infighting amongst agents; it is frequently pious. The sensible premarital discussions between Mr. Davis and May Britt, his blond Swedish wife, would be hard to match for high-mindedness and long-windedness.

However, this book is not only very much better written (it can be boring, but it is never, except fleetingly, tasteless) than most of its genre, but from its pages arises a human creature that is recognizably a tenant of the real world when he is not top dog in Las Vegas or principal cat at the Copacabana. His egomania, an occupational affliction (". . . never asking why God had chosen my body in which to place this awesome gift . . ."), is modified by naïveté, courage, warmth of heart, uncertainty. His affectations are not the less touching for being stagy: for many years a teetotaller, he drank Coca-Cola from a kingly silver goblet; after hitting the big time and going goofy with money, he went into Sulka's to buy sundries by the gross. At the same time he bought a cigarette lighter at Dunhill's called the "Standard Unique."

Sammy Davis, Jr., began as a vaudeville infant; deserted early by his mother, whom he mentions without bitterness, he was reared and trained by his father—buck-and-wing dancer, singer, juggler of old chestnuts—and by his father's partner, Will Mastin. Mr. Davis was destined to be small of stature and undecorative of countenance, the latter condition worsened by an automobile accident in which he lost an eye; but he was born with inexhaustible energy. The man seems to have slept altogether about forty-five minutes in his entire life. Probably he is a very savvy businessman, perhaps he is ruthless, possibly this is a pretend book, but if it is a fiction, it is a moving one; it is too bad that the solemn homilies on Judaism and Belonging were not excised but, on the other hand, if Polonius is one of this man's aspects, it is an aspect that should be seen.

Morning and Noon,

"Mr. Acheson writes so well . . ."

What could promise more than a personal memoir of Dean Acheson, one of the Washington wits, who knew Justice Holmes, was apprentice to Brandeis, longtime friend and associate of Felix Frankfurter, who was involved with almost everything in Washington in the most interesting years of the century, the New Deal days? One picks up his book, *Morning and Noon* (Houghton Mifflin), in anticipation of a treat and finishes it with disappointment. To the disappointment is added vexation because Mr. Acheson writes so well; and because he begins with his own beginnings in Middletown, Connecticut, in so lively and amusing a way one never suspects for a minute that he is going to stop telling the story intended to entertain everyone and start addressing his fellow lawyers. He buries personalities in dryasdust recapitulations of Supreme Court decisions and in observations on judicial methodology. Every so often there is an oasis in which a character is captured or a scene is limned with perception; one wants to say, "More of that, please." But there isn't any more.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

TRAVEL

By Despina Messinesi

On the Slopes,

where to ski when

St. Moritz. Christmas is the zingiest time of year. February counts, too, and spring for late skiing, when helicopters twirl skiers to high peaks unveined by lifts. But sun and snow are Swiss certainties all season in St. Moritz, which lures such young internationals as Géraldine Eonnet, George Livanos, Andreas von Bismarck, and the young Cicognas.

Every run seems to have its special lair. Cresta Run people go to the Sunny Bar in the Kulm Hotel. Corvatsch skiers stop halfway down for a fast lunch at Bruno's Hut. At the Corviglia Club, members lunch, sun-stretched, on the terrace, or after an evening party ski down the Lagalb course by torchlight.

New chalets dot the Suvretta snowscape, owned mostly by St. Moritz's long-term cultists. Many people rent flats or stay in hotels. The Palace, Suvretta, Kulm, and Carlton hotels have been joined by the Schloss in Pontresina, where the marbled floors are so fragile that skiers must remove their boots, à la Japanese, before entering.

People like to shop the St. Moritz boutiques. The young like knickers in leather, stretch, or corduroy, worn with matching sweaters, bonnets, and socks that show no skin-gap. String bodices, copied from Sir Edmund Hillary's Everest undervests, go under thin sweaters and belted anoraks. Ears are warmed by Roger Staub woollen caps like those of Tibetan yak herdsmen; cold feet by transistorized socks with pocket batteries. For experts: short skirts or striped tight racing pants.

The night look: Galitzine pyjamas, Pucci pants, long or short skirts with wild socks. After chalet parties, after bowling, pizza, and dinner at Chesa Veglia, after *boeuf bourguignonne* at Bernasconi's, or Chinese fondue at Guardalej, everyone seems to shift to the Palace Hotel where Peppo steers the newest dances in a disco called King's Club.

Val d'Isère. January is the cruellest month, which is what the young want of "Val," a skiers' ski place high in the French Alps. Its powder, called a youthful snow, attracts sinewy, serious skiers, paced by the famous Goitschel sisters, French Olympic champions who live and train here. Laughing, long-limbed, and fast, they fly down the runs flanked by racers who seem almost as swift and supple as they are.

The winter sports season starts with the first big race in December, zooms on through spring and into summer when, above Val d'Isère at Col de l'Iseran, there is snow in August. Thirty lifts lace twenty-four slopes. Figures in this snowscape appear homogeneously fit, beautiful, young, whether on skis (which they mostly are) or dancing at night in the discothèques, Grande Ourse, Le Tequila, and Perdrix Blanche.

People buy good ski clothes at Pitte; order shaggy, knee-length goatskin boots at Le Cordonnier. Parked around the big, bright hotel, La Solaise, and the small, prettily furnished La Bergerie, are mostly low-slung sports cars, tops down.

Courchevel. For January excitement, Courchevel has it. Planes spoke in from Geneva and French resorts to its Altiport, from which small aircraft lift skiers to glaciers for long descents on virgin snow. At hotels, skis may be buckled on at the door for the short slide to nine lifts in the heart of the village. Fourteen other lifts, gondolas, and tows are (Continued on page 120)

WHAT'S WHAT WITH WHAT?







With mother of pearl binoculars
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For cuddling a party poodle, nothing can
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KISLAV



Skiing

(Continued from page 118)

spotted around the area. Former world ski champion Emile Allais directs the slope life, but night life revolves around the clubs, of which St. Nicolas is usually the most amusing. Called the skiers' St. Tropez, Courchevel pulls the worldly ones. In the lobby of the Hotel La Carlina, for instance, one might see such skiers as Brigitte Bardot, Principessa Maria Gabriella di Savoia, and Mrs. Peter Lawford.
Note: New and shining, both Val d'Isère and Courchevel are ski boom towns, not resorts spun around postcardesque French mountain villages.

St. Anton am Arlberg. A dashing place with an onion-domed church and small hotels, St. Anton, and its satellite villages, Zürs and Lech, offer the best skiing in Austria. Princess Paola of Liège, Countess von Bismarck, Princess Alexandra and her husband, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, often holiday here. Smatterings of cliff-hanging chalets belong to such keen skiers as Herbert von Karajan and Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes. Many people stay at the Poste Hotel, cosy with a sauna bath and basement boîte. At night the young like Rosannastüberl or the Bahnhof where a schilling goes a long way. But for St. Antoners, the snow is all. They come off the sunny slopes brown as lager.

Kitzbühel, Austrian Tyrol. Long jagged fringes of icicles edge Kitzbühel's chalets. With its overhanging roof, and coating of snow, the not very big Hirzingerhof Hotel hides its newness. Inside, it oozes with the warmth which one might expect to find in a Franz Joseph country house. Pleasant bedrooms with comfortable old furniture and Oriental rugs connect with good modern bathrooms. Food here is as excellent as the service.

Standing at the foot of the Hahnenkamm Mountains, the Hirzingerhof has balconied front rooms facing steeples and gabled roofs. Open all year, it stays equally attractive in summer when balconies turn into flower gardens. For those following the festival circuit Salzburg is a pleasant distance away.

Cortina d'Ampezzo. Cupped in the spiralling Italian Dolomites, Cortina has a life centred mainly in villas. Among its long list of winter residents from Christmas until well into March: Prince and Princess Windisch-Graetz, Contessa Anna Castelbarco, Prince Tassilo Fürstenberg, Conte and Contessa Guarienti.

In the heart of Cortina, Cristallo—short for Cristallo Palace Hotel—is sedate without being old, counts saunas among its comforts. Meeting ground for lunch is El Toulà, once a stable. After six, the place to be is the Bar de la Poste. Here, regulars don't even need to order: Renato, the barman, knows what each customer likes to drink. (On the side, it seems, he runs a modern art gallery.) During dinner at Verokay's, a woman guitarist plays and sings very low to guests seated on banquettes of spotted cowhide. Torch skiing often follows cocktails. In *rifugi,* mountain huts, night skiers picnic on salami, *prosciutto crudo,* and warm up with grappa.

Oslo, Norway. In lieu of tows, lifts, gondolas, or cable cars, Oslo people take the subway to the slopes at Holmenkollen, where they are apt to ski every day. In fact, the city streets have the glimmery look of an Alpine village, with boys and girls in ski clothes, carrying skis and poles to underground stations where they board for the curl upwards. Up there—where the nights are six months long—everything comes up Christmas lights and fires. As office

Napier



Talk about the little boy look seen everywhere this season or wear your Napier jewelry.

They're both great conversation pieces.

Golden textured. Scroll linked necklace, $12.50. Scroll pin, $5.00. Domed ring, $6.00. Earrings, $5.00.

Napier



Talk about soap opera's new status on nighttime TV or wear your Napier jewelry.

They're both great conversation pieces.

Golden owl and pussycat pins, blazing with jewel stones. Owl $6. Pussycat $7. Bracelet with droplets of stone, golden filigree and chunks of mother of pearl, $20.00.

hours are from nine to four, and school is out, families often eat at four-thirty in order to spend evenings on the slopes. After slaloming around the lighted runs, other skiers dine by candlelight at the log cabin restaurant, Frognerseter, before racing down wooded trails which lead straight to their front doors.

Green Mountains, Vermont. These mountains jam up every winter with more and more skiers. The real-estate boom zooms along. Nothing, however, disturbs the tight fists of pretty New England villages, except perhaps the cavalcade of cars racing through on weekends.

Stowe. The National Alpine Championship will be held on March 18, 19, and 20, in New England's durable ski spot, Stowe. At The Lodge at Smuggler's Notch, a delicious place to stay, the Sunday-night buffets resemble Dutch still lifes: pheasants, hams, chafing dishes. This year, for the first time, Stowe's Summer Playhouse will give winter performances during the ski season. In the village, The Whip, in the cellar of the red-brick Green Mountain Inn, is a cosily dark place for drinks. At Sister Kate's, new last year, they dance under Tiffany shades.

Mad River. Rugged skiers migrate loyally to Mad River in the Green Mountains, a skiers' ski place where most people own their chalets. Heading the list of owners: the Governor of Vermont, Philip H. Hoff; Roland Palmedo, the moving force behind the Mad River Glen development; John J. McCloy, junior, and Godfrey S. Rockefeller, who has a private lift which begins from a small station at the side of the road and ends on the porch of his house.

Not counting holidays, the star weekend at Mad River is the Para-Race. Skiers parachute out of airplanes to the top of the mountain, buckle on skis, and race down the trail.

Napier



Talk about "camp," the new direction in taste,
or wear your Napier jewelry.

They're both great conversation pieces.

Etched golden bamboo. 15" length, $6.00. 17" length, $7.00.
21" length, $8.50. Bracelet, $6.00. Earrings, $5.00.

Napier



Talk about parents suddenly relearning arithmetic
or wear your Napier jewelry.

They're both great conversation pieces.

New twist—clipless slip-on circle earrings. From left to right, $11.00, $11.00, $9.00.

Stratton Mountain. Regardless of weather, fair or foul, skiing on Stratton Mountain at the southern end of the Green Mountains begins early in December. The blue-chip guarantee—a powerful snow machine which coats the base of the mountain. Stratton compares to a fat, very large hill; slopes are gentle, skiing easy over numerous trails slashed through woods.

Eighty chalets have been built during Stratton's five seasons. More are going up. No architecture in the A-frame is allowed. Opening for Christmas, the Hotel Tyrol, designed by an Innsbruck architect, will include a rangy dining room, a nightclub. At the Stratton Mountain Inn, a new manager is shaping up comforts. For New Yorkers, Stratton's slopes are less than five hours' driving distance; from Boston, an easy three hours.

Crystal Mountain, Washington. This fresh ski arena in the Cascade Range of the Pacific Northwest has all the stuff that makes a star. Skiers designed the place, own it, and run it purposefully for crack skiers—Olympic material. Launched three years ago, it's grown into a small Crystal Village, has three condominium apartment buildings, an Alpine lodge with a heated pool, and chair lifts and T-bars to vast open slopes.

From its Mountain Top Restaurant, over six thousand five hundred feet up, the big, superb view includes the Cascade Range, and the Goliath mountain peaks of Rainier, St. Helens, and Oregon's Mount Hood.

For skiers living in Seattle and Tacoma, the ski slopes of Crystal Mountain rise about seventy miles away, little more than a commuter's drive.

Sugar Bowl, California. A torch parade at Christmas is the starter for the ski season, and the Silver Belt (Continued on page 122)

Skiing

(Continued from page 121)

Race in April closes it. Slopes fan out from three mountains: Lincoln, Disney, and Crow's Nest. Reaching Sugar Bowl is a fat slice of pleasure: door-to-door from San Francisco without stepping on snow. This is how it works: three and a half hours after leaving San Francisco, cars move off the highway into a garage. From there, skiers step into a cable car, properly named Magic Carpet, which lifts them across and up the snowed ravine. When the Magic Carpet stops, guests step directly into the warm glow of The Lodge.

Buried in snow, the chalets, which look deceptively small, are staffed like town houses. Their owners, most of whom are San Franciscans, give small, impeccably served luncheons and dinners. Among the house owners: Jerome Hill whose big, stone house is brilliant with paintings; Mr. and Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale with their four children; the Wellington Hendersons whose chalet holds three generations; the James Coonans; and the Marco F. Hellmans.

Squaw Valley, California. Skiing in Squaw Valley under the Technicolor-blue sky of the Sierra Nevada blends the bite of mountain air with sun, snow, and the haunting smell of evergreens warmed by sunshine. The newest magnet here is High Camp, a day as well as night restaurant on Squaw Valley Peak. Flags edge its vast outdoor terrace—big enough for four hundred people. Around noon, when the terrace fills up with skiers stretched out like lizards sunning, it has the feel of an island floating in snow. Gay as confetti streamers, waitresses in hot orange and pink Marimekko dresses weave through the tables. High Camp's day shift ends at four; the evening shift begins at seven-thirty for dinner and dancing to the combo of Joe Bushkin plus jukebox pop. A lift, painted pink and orange, moves guests directly from the foyer of the Squaw Valley Lodge, halts inside High Camp fifteen minutes later. Swinging sounds heard at the Lodge come from Les Enfants Terribles, a bar recently turned discothèque.

Sun Valley, Idaho. In contrast to Sun Valley's famous, skiable, sun-trapped slopes, the fresh attraction after skiing is a fiercely black nightclub in the cellar of The Lodge. Logically named Boiler Room, which it once was, it has a ceiling mazed with pipes, red-oilcloth-covered tables, and giant, fake flowers. The action begins after dinner, or after movies.

Among the many who make Sun Valley a pleasurable habit: the William Winans; the Ronald Balcoms; the Janss brothers, Edwin and William, with their families. The George Colemans, who fly in with a planeload which includes a staff of servants, live in a chalet and use a private bus to move about the sunny valley.

Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Western excitement, it seems, focuses on a new ski spot opening later this month in the Teton range. Its craggy fierceness resembles the Alps, so does its powdery snow on slopes long and sunny. The big thing: the aerial tramway to lift skiers in eight minutes from the valley's six-thousand-foot floor to sparkling Rendezvous Peak, over four thousand feet higher. Everything in Teton Village swings around the terminal with its clock tower; the Seven Levels Lodge and the chair lifts to the Après-vous Peak. (Because French trappers settled in these mountains, names tend to be French.) Among the attractions going on at Jackson Hole twelve miles away: a ride on horse-drawn sleds to feed the enormous herds of elk wintering in their refuge. In February, the All American Cutter Race runs, depending upon snow conditions, on Jackson Hole's main street. From Salt Lake City, Utah, Jackson Hole is fifty minutes by air.

Napier



Talk about the rash of spy movies (inhuman Bondage?) or wear your Napier jewelry.

They're both great conversation pieces.

Hand formed golden circlets, neatly bound. Pendant, $15.00. Bracelet, $12.50. Earrings, $9.00. Pin, $12.50.

Napier



Talk about today's collegians "the Concerned Generation" or carry your Napier pocket accessories.

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Mount Clemens:
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Royal Oak: *Dobie Jewelers*

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Salt Lake City: *Makoff's*

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Body-warmer for fashion on the slopes

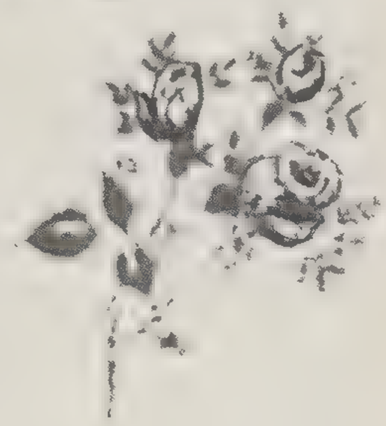


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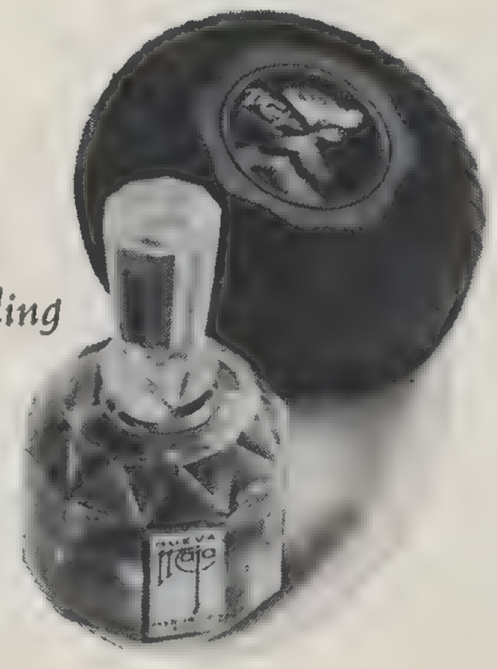
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An astonishing journey

(Continued from page 102)

with them. They gave me dinner, unusually elaborate. Afterwards the father played the guitar, the son danced flamenco, the mother gave me her bed to sleep in. This generosity, because I was riding a tired horse to the Camargue, because they loved as well as understood me, gave me wondrous encouragement to finish the ride, gave me warmth and happiness. I don't think I have ever felt in such communication with so many people in my life in so short a time, and I have never felt less lonely than I did in those three weeks.

After Mèze I went to Sète to enquire about a friend who was supposed to meet me at the largest hotel there. He didn't turn up, and so I followed a small road along the sea to Palavos. I remember feeling empty as we rode along the white shores. The sky was brown with clouds, and the waves crashed and roared with an oncoming storm. Behind rose dunes of sand which lowered into marshland and quivering reeds.

We walked for hours along the sea, the wind whipped my hair across my face with stinging pain. Diable was too tired to be ridden. Lightning struck extremely low, almost touching the waves. Thunder cracked across the sky with powerful screams, and darkness turned like fog through the dusk. It was the first time I was really frightened. I felt as though the whole of nature was against me, the wind which I had loved suddenly became a threat, as though I were going to be punished.

I felt small and useless, and Diable snorted and reared whenever the waves pounded downwards onto the sand. I knew if I lost him, I would probably never find him again. I tried to sing, but my voice was ugly. I tried to talk with Diable, but he, too, wasn't with me. He was like a stranger.

I felt I was going to be killed by the lightning which was now moving upon the shore. My mind seemed to move like a frantic bird trapped in a slowly closing room that would eventually crush it. I looked down at the sands.

At that moment Diable reared and screamed, pulling back on his reins. I fell down and let go of him. Beside me lay a dead greyhound which had been drowned perhaps a week before. His body was sunken inwards revealing his fine strong ribs. I could see the contours of his stomach and heart, the skin almost transparent with decay.

Diable put his head down towards me, snorting. I took his reins and stroked him for a long time, looking at the greyhound. From then onwards I wasn't frightened. I felt numb as we walked through the night.

Lights set like bright and colourful jewels wavered from far away. Palavos . . . another night to walk, I thought. I didn't care if I reached the Camargue or not. I was tired of the cold, and of paved roads, tired of the torn Dali note and the winds, tired of the stable hunts and hopeful meals, of money and wanting money. I hadn't any strength left, nor had Diable; one doesn't care about anything without strength.

From Palavos we rode to the Camargue. Diable knew as well as I when we came to its borders. We had ridden two days further after Palavos, stopping at old stone farmhouses for the night. We arrived at dawn in the Camargue. Bulls outlined the vast grey plains, birds in the distance fluttered around the sun like moths around a lantern. The thin layers of water flashed crimson in the rust-worn dawn . . . we rode towards it, the wind streaking flames of purple through our cheeks.

Wild Camargue horses strayed from herd to herd, their hooves splashing the blood-coloured water through the air. I searched for the ranch of Mr. Deni. Diable ran quickly over the plains, snorting at the herds of horses, gazing diffidently at the black, passive bulls. Mud flew behind us. I laughed and Diable kicked up his heels. We found the ranch and gave Mr. Deni the Dali note. We had arrived at last.

Enjoy

THE BEAUTIFUL MEAL

Roast Rack of Lamb

(see opposite page)

for Holiday Dining
for a Restaurant Party

Enjoy tender, festive lamb in all the beautiful ways, in all the beautiful places where you dine—in elegant restaurants, clubs and hotel dining rooms. America's fine restaurateurs take a special pride in their delicious lamb entrees—like the radiant rack of lamb pictured opposite, crown roast, leg or lamb kebabs.

In this season of little evenings and great evenings, nothing holds a candle to lamb by candlelight served by an attentive waiter in the holiday atmosphere of a favorite restaurant. The festive feeling is heightened by the Chateau Martin Pink Champagne, the fragrant warmth of vivid Colorado Carnations®, and by the beautiful entree—a regal rack of lamb. Dine out—lamb pampers your taste for luxury. Entertain away from home—lamb compliments your guests. It's a meal in the pink of fashion . . . a beautiful and satisfying answer when the occasion is an important one.

Happy Holiday Dining!

AMERICAN
Lamb
COUNCIL

Dept. LFS-665, 520 Railway Exchange Building, Denver, Colorado 80202

Table setting, opposite: crystal by Baccarat, silver by Christofle, linens by Porthault.



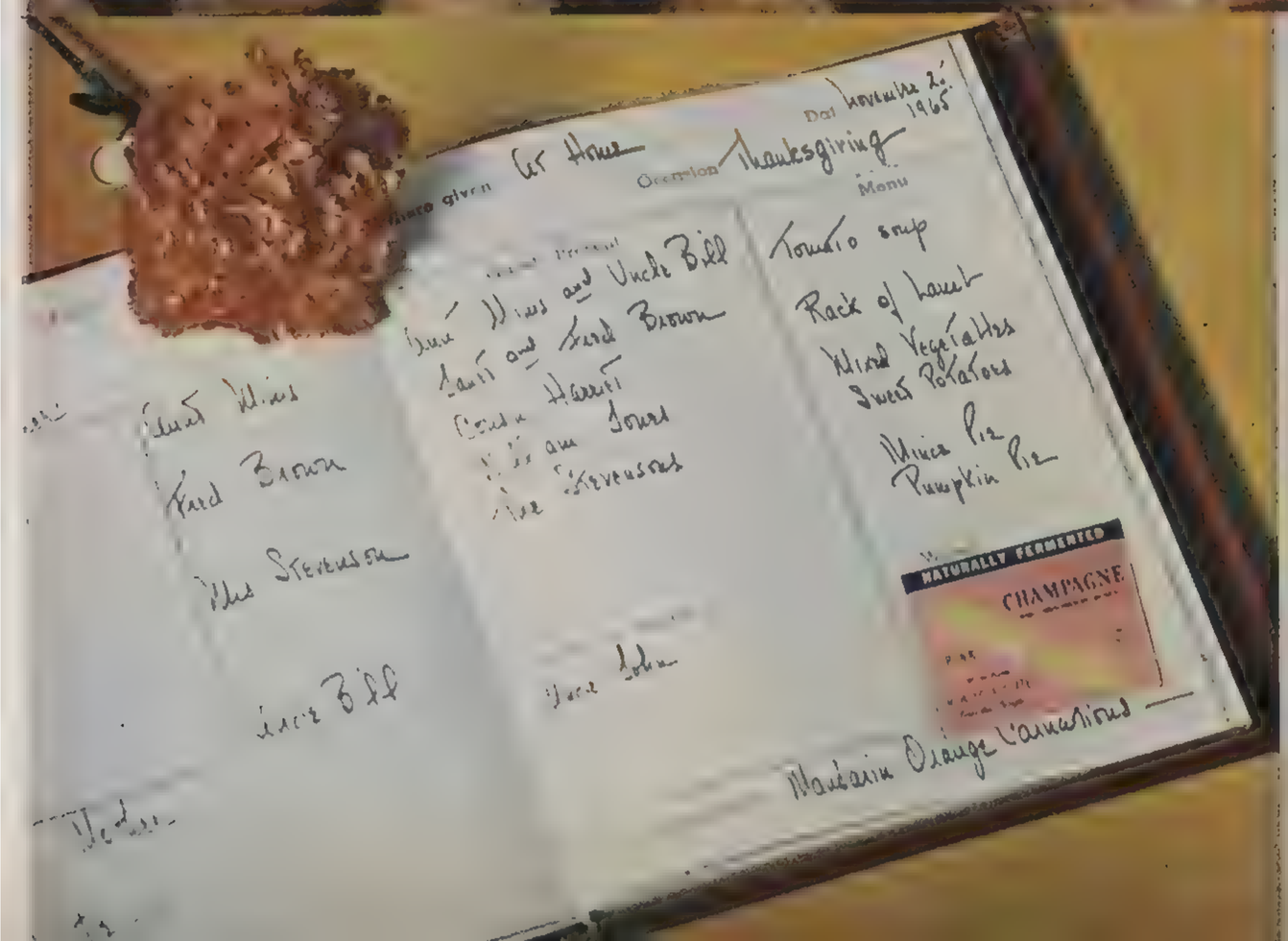
LAMB IN THE PINK OF FASHION
COLORFUL COLORADO CARNATIONS
CHATEAU MARTIN PINK CHAMPAGNE

Dine in the pink of fashion now—the meal a harmony of glowing color and beautiful taste. The generous gesture in this brilliant meal is a regal rack of lamb, served as connoisseurs prefer it, slightly pink. A pleasure to enjoy when dining out, or entertaining in any of the nation's fine restaurants. Giving the festive flavor: Chateau Martin's famous Pink Champagne, bubbling with light and fashion . . . premium champagne, pride of the famous New York State Finger Lakes vineyards . . . slow aged in 100-year-old oak casks and *beautifully delicious*. Breathing beautiful color onto the scene—a vivid coral spill of Colorado Carnations® that fly to your table fresh and crisp from the snowcapped Rockies and the Colorado Flower Growers Association.



THE BEAUTIFUL MEAL









Men Make Passes At Girls Who Wear Lashes

Oh, the power of Eylure Lashes. One look and his eyes are on yours. Real hair or natural fur in Black, Brown, Blue, Green. $3.95 to $10. Flip your lids and they're on. Pre-trimmed with the stickum on 'em. Want a free booklet on how to flash a lash at him? Write to Eylure, Dept. V, 26 Beaver Street, New York 10004. Teasy eyes are easy **by Eylure.**

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

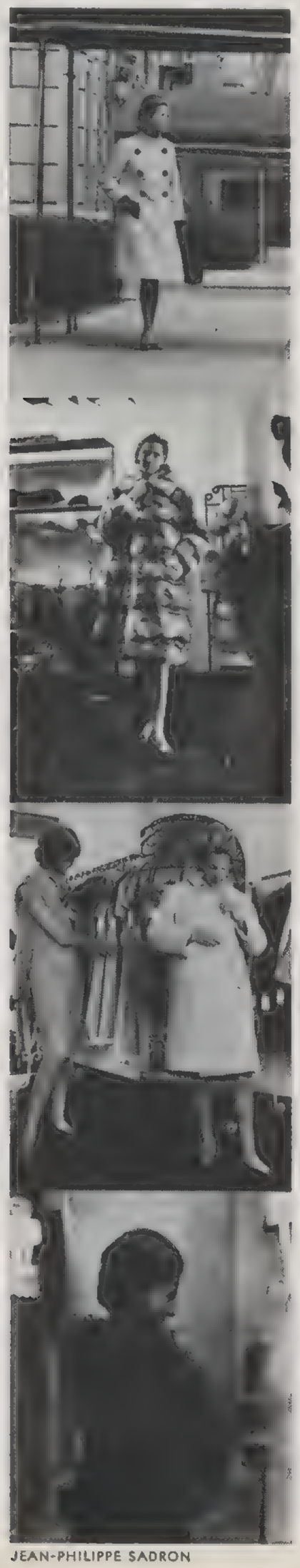
Frankly, Lydia Melhado is a boutique bug.... To her, it's the little place that's the way to big fashion. (Mrs. Melhado is the cool, pretty blonde everyone in the room notices; always got-up precisely right, proper—yet always "different," very special, very herself.) Trailing Mrs. Melhado around town one day (1) can lead to, Harold J. Rubin (2). He's moved a few times recently but the faithful have kept track. ***"I once had the best little black broadtail jacket from him...."*** Now Mr. Rubin has a big swath of a curl-up-in-coat—creamy tawny, black-edged, natural South American kit fox. "Wonderful for the park with the children—so comfortable, cosy. I must think...." $595. Harold J. Rubin, 1186 Third Ave....

(3) Further down Third, there's T. Jones's boutique that brings in Proco handknits from France; also expertly knocks off some recent success shapes. Familiar sleeveless smock shift perfectly tailored in deep-down orange Anglo twill ($70). Goes under the now world-famous narrow reefer. Greige twill lined with matching orange silk. $80. "I don't really need the coat but I could wear it over a black dress, too.... Orange would look divine for winter." T. Jones, 1050 Third Ave....

"You have to hit it here at the right time—it's rather like a private club." Knock knock, on the shabby door of the basement flat of a brownstone. If someone answers, you are in Allen & Cole's Boutique jammed with fascination fashion, a lot from their own designer who sometimes gets the goods there on time. (Sometimes not.) Mrs. Melhado found her bell-bottoms. Really low-slung, really flared, in white pinstriped grey flannel. "I'll wear them with a black turtleneck." $40. Allen & Cole, 132 East 64th St....

(4) At Bendel there was a wow of something black—zillions of baby-sized headlight paillettes twinkling all over a narrow-as-a-cigar-ring cardigan. Wispy, clingy long sleeves, a whoof of black ostrich feathers running around all the edges. Mrs. Melhado nestled in, smiled. "It's this or a fieldful of jonquil bulbs for the country house next spring...." Cardigan handmade in Rome by Valentino. Bendel's Fancy, 10 West 57th St....

(5) "On second thought,



JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON



maybe I do need that white sweater." Quick zip back to T. Jones for the Proco handknit white pull—a rough country yarn with big diamonds of slick, almost shiny yarn woven in here and there. $65. 1050 Third Avenue....

(6) There was a flash of geranium pink in the corner of Mrs. Melhado's eye. A cuddly knit shift, innocent black velvet ribbon banding at the hem, all-out romantic cuffs of white crocheted lace flapping at the wrists. "*That's* a nifty little numéro for Saturday night in the country when everyone else is wearing pants!" An Eloise Curtis, $70. At The Village Store Boutique, 63rd and Lexington Ave....

(7) "You have to check Bloomingdale's nooks and crannies every two weeks—things go in and out so fast." Mrs. Melhado made a beeline for her favourite Town & Country Boutique. There was a bunch of Italian knits from Micia and Trico, all in black and white. A toss-up between the Empire-waisted stripes ($45), or the black with white-outlined peek-hole in back ($45). "Better send me both."...

(8) Then there was Splendiferous. Mrs. Melhado had been planning a look-see there for ages. It was instant attraction. The culottes of eggshell crimpy silk satin, practically airborne with ostrich feathers—"maybe too jazzy for me, but they are adorable." $150. To think about, too—the turtleneck, wide-ribbed sweaters, $10; the Evelyn Schless shoes, $25. Stacks and stacks of pants, $18 to $28; the boutique within the boutique—the aisle full of owl paintings, Japanese umbrellas, KJL jewels, Rigaud horn boxes, Givenchy perfumes.... Splendiferous, 1312 Third Ave....

(9) It's been a long, hard, successful day....

Royal Secret



If you're an angel, you deserve it.
If you're not... see if it doesn't make you one!



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SPRAY CONCENTRÉE • SPRAY PERFUME • SOAP
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Germaine Monteil

NOVEMBER 1, 1965

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: EVERYBODY LOVES THIS HAT

Watch this hat—this small, spunky, firmly shaped beret with its cuff creased up high and tight to the back of the head, narrow in front and flicked down like a newsboy's—it's Balenciaga's red plaid love-at-first-sight. And it's on its way—without bangs, without much hair showing anywhere, just this clean young width of brow . . . snappiest thing in the world. Wool plaid beret by Balenciaga, copied by Madcaps. At Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Dayton's.

BERT STERN





The electric nights are here . . . more parties, more fun. More lights going on all over fashion, uncovering ravishing new pools of shimmer and sparkle and glow—on the hand, on the arm, on the shoulder, at the back—splashing excitement everywhere. . . . Right now: the switches that flick the lights. The jewelled hand, above, plunged into light all the way. . . . A maharani's mitten for the hand on top—sapphire, crystal, and fire-red stones wrapped on the wrist, held on one finger. By Vendôme. . . . The blaze below: big, bogus corals in sapphire collars, caught in a web of fake pearls. By Miriam Haskell. . . . All fires banked, here, against a snowy white ermine jacket with jewels of its own—down the front, on the sleeves. By Ben Kahn; natural Russian ermine. At Gunther Jaeckel Furs, Bonwit Teller. Purple lightning, opposite: a slim, sizzling streak of paillettes, flashing straight to the ground from a high waist. . . . Norman Norell's beautifully simple way of lighting up the sky, in pailletted silk jersey. Arpad's blaze of bangles. All: Bonwit Teller. Dress, also Dayton's; I. Magnin. Sea Anemone lipstick by Germaine Monteil in her new formula, Super-Moist. Both pages: Kenneth coiffures.

Lights-on fashion...great new looks for night people...night places

BERT STERN





The peplum jacket, left—black Chantilly lying like a shadow of lace flowers on the strapless bodice of a white satin dress... burst of ruffles over the hip, waist held in a purple satin sash. By Teal Traina; satin of Celanese acetate, cotton, and Du Pont nylon (Hurel-TSM fabric). Necklace by Joseph Warner. Both: Altman's. Dress also at Woodward & Lothrop; Burdine's; Halle Bros. Earrings by Mimi di N. Coiffure by Ingrid of Michel Kazan. Arms showing through lace sleeves, right, back bared—an otherwise covered little brown Chantilly shift with flounces that tremble at the slightest motion. Pat Sandler; about $125. K.J.L. earrings. All: Bloomingdale's. Dress: Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Coiffure: Charles Simpson, Pierre Henri.

Lights on...
transparent lace...black
peplum jacket...little brown
shift...ruffles everywhere

BERT STERN





Soft, slim deeply bloused, left, a bright enveloping blaze of a dress in scarlet cloqué worn with a bonfire of jewels. Dress, by Monte-Sano & Pruzan, of Abraham silk cloqué. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Mimi di N earrings and Charles Elkaim dog-collar; both at Henri Bendel. Buckled velvet slippers: Millerkins, at I. Miller. Bracelet for a beautiful back, near right: a bandeau of jewels shimmering on bareness; volumes of chiffon clasped to the bosom—in layers of red, green, black. By Galanos, of Bianchini silk chiffon. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Earrings by Freirich. Bare shoulders and jersey, far right: a sweep of red and a sweep of taupe—one of the prettiest dresses afloat this season, simply gathered on the bodice and tied like scarf-ends. By Galanos, of Bianchini silk jersey. Earrings: Jack Gilbert. All, at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Both coiffures by Ingrid of Michel Kazan.

Lights on... blousing...bareness...and the jewelled bandeau

BERT STERN

VOGUE, November 1, 1965



Cowl of black mink, this page, dipping at the back, on a covered, full-skirted dress of black satin. By Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby, of silk satin by Couleur. Bracelet by Apex Art. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. The dress, also at Sakowitz. Earrings by Fabiola. Coiffure by Ingrid of Michel Kazan. Crimson curves of crêpe, centre right, with a sensational cut—neck low at the front, a shallow V and bow at the back, a smooth funnel-shape to the floor. By Givenchy for Adele Simpson, of Bianchini silk crêpe. Coq-feather pillbox by Therese Ahrens. Both, at Bloomingdale's. Dress: Himelhoch's; I. Magnin. Earrings by Charles Elkaim; at Henri Bendel. Coiffure by Marc Sinclaire. Belted tunic—white over garnet, far right. Covered, stark, a long white tunic over a garnet skirt, both silk satin gabardine. By Gustave Tassell, of fabrics by Staron. Earrings by Robert Originals. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Schreiner ring; at Henri Bendel. Evins shoes. Coiffure by Ingrid of Michel Kazan.





Lights on...

mink at the neck...

crimson curves...

white-over-garnet tunic

BERT STERN





Lights on...

almond green...

spiral of beads...pink

chiffon with ostrich

BERT STERN

VOGUE, November 1, 1965



Taking great shape, far left, an evening dress of silk twill in almond green with bare string-strapped top, a close waist over folds of a long tapered skirt. Not seen: a jacket of the same twill with rhinestone buttons. Costume by Helga. Earrings and hip-length necklace by Eisenberg. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Costume: Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Coiffure by Ingrid of Michel Kazan. Bias of beads, centre left, coloured silver and gold, spiralled on a narrow dress that leads up to a one-shoulder neckline. Over it, a beaded one-shoulder poncho with bead fringe. By Michael Novarese, of silk and metallic threads; at Gus Mayer; Bullock's-Wilshire. Sandals, made to order by Delman; at Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffure: Marc Sinclaire. Feathers, fluff, float, all pink, near left. A dress with ostrich floating at the top, long peignoir-folds of silk chiffon skirt. By Mort Schrader, about $145 at Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin. Arpad earrings: Henri Bendel. Coiffure: Ingrid of Michel Kazan.



Blazing along with Givenchy triumphs, his latest lipstick called Plus Two, opposite. The two things it's plus—a new true-ruby tone, a new vibrancy that marks a direction towards more lipstick-brilliance. Like the earlier Givenchy lipsticks born exactly a year ago, this comes splendidly cased in a gold-plated bamboo stick, or in the crystal-clear egg-shape that has a lot of friends now. Its framework here: an ivory satin turban wrapped close to the head, loose folds swinging at one side. The look: gleaming, weightless, pure as pearls—which have marvellous continuity with it. Lipstick at Henri Bendel. Turban by Halston; made to order at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Necklaces by Majorica; at Lord & Taylor; Rich's; I. Magnin. A suit of black broadtail lamb, right, that opens on a sleeveless blouse of ermine—rugger-striped in black and white, zipped up the front. Yoked jacket with a rounded soft-pleated back, banded cuffs; a narrow skirt with slashed pockets. Made to order by Maximilian; suit of black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb, blouse of black-dyed and natural white ermine. Earrings by Les Bernard. The coiffure by Kenneth.



Lights on...
a newly ruby lipstick...
swinging turban...
fur suit, striped fur blouse

BERT STERN

V'd into bias, this page, a long skimming sheath of heavy ivory silk crêpe that breaks into widening ripples as it nears the floor. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of Chardon-Marché fabric. Necklace by Hattie Carnegie. Earrings by Jack Gilbert. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Hutzler's; Dayton's; Battelstein's. Coiffure by Ingrid of Michel Kazan. Dark, stark, sensational, centre, narrow black wool crêpe slit to the knee. By Trigère. At Bergdorf Goodman; L. S. Ayres; Montaldo's. Earrings by Apex Art; ring by Jack Gilbert; both: Altman's. Coiffure by Charles Simpson of Pierre Henri. Beautiful folds of white silk crêpe, far right, to wrap around a beautiful figure—knotted at a high waist, deeply V'd. By Jean Louis. Necklace by Jack Gilbert. Ring by Sandor Goldberger. All at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Coiffure: Charles Simpson of Pierre Henri.

BERT STERN



Lights on...
the Greek line and the
deep V-neck...in silk,
in wool...in white, in black

BERT STERN

VOGUE PATTERNS

Flounces for dancing, left, white satin for flattery—wrapped and tied at the back in a soft, floppy bow above the two rows of flounces swinging low on the hip. Vogue Pattern 6634. Apex Art earrings. Hair twisted high and loosed: Ingrid, Michel Kazan. Once over lightly, right, a body-skimming slip of a dress with armholes cut in on the shoulders, Empire yoke curved under the bosom . . . lovely for the theatre with a short coat of amber-yellow velvet, coral slippers. Vogue Pattern 6666. Both dresses of silk and rayon satin by Couleur. Fabric at Macy's. Earrings by Cadoro, at Bloomingdale's. Coiffure: Charles Simpson of Pierre Henri. Other views, sizes, yardages, on page 236.



Lights on
white satin...
wrapped and flounced...
small and yoked

VOGUE PATTERN 6666

BERT STERN

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Off-year elections when enthusiasm sometimes becomes like push-ups, good exercise. . . . Henry Fonda, whose eyes have never seemed older than a twelve year old's, now in the new play, *Generation*. . . . The sting of Prokofiev's witty, inventive score for his 1927 opera, *The Flaming Angel*, put on by the New York City Opera. . . . The trancing short surfing film *The Study in Wet* for which the sound track is water, dripping.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Sky-surfing, glider pilots' autumn itch in Vermont: "A cap cloud rolls over the mountains, and we ride the wave it causes." . . . The unsettling blare of faces in the exhibition of Edvard Munch's paintings at New York's Guggenheim Museum. . . . The psychologist Kenneth B. Clark who, in his book *Dark Ghetto*, seeds emotion by dealing unemotionally in facts. . . . The exactly tapered coolness of James Fox, whose performance cuts like an icicle sucked to a point through the prison-camp pall in the movie *King Rat*. . . . Barry McGuire singing "Eve of Destruction," giving young things the buzz "Gloomy Sunday" gave their parents. . . . In Israel, the magnificent lighting of the great Israel Museum at night when the dome of the Shrine of the Book shimmers like mercury under a Chagall-blue sky, and olive trees in the Billy Rose Art Garden loom like living sculpture. . . . John Lennon's latest un-Beatle gesture: to write a movie script named *In the Words of the Hornet, Take Gas.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The aristocratic shindigs of *The Right Honourable Gentleman*, a play based on the actual problems of Sir Charles Dilke, an M.P. who had a good chance at becoming Prime Minister before he became snared in a miserable divorce case. . . . In Europe, Charlemagne, who suddenly seems a figure in the near distance, as fleshed out as James Bond, through the exhibition of his belongings in Aix-la-Chapelle where he had his palace and founded the cathedral around 800 A.D. . . . The deliriously deadpan brochure on what to eat in America handed out to the French by the United States Travel Service; it explains the folkways of drive-ins, drug-store counters, and brunch, and includes on its "Menu Typique des États-Unis" fruit Jell-O with whipped cream.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Vampires*, the 1915 French movie serial which in its one New York showing made indelible contact with its glimpses of Proustian Paris, its girl cat burglar: her leotards could be 1965; her figure could not. . . . The curious covet in England of the book *The Concise British Flora in Colour* by an octogenarian vicar, W. Keble Martin. . . . *I Spy*, a milky NBC-TV espionage program with Robert Culp and Bill Cosby who have never been told about the startling devices used by the men from U.N.C.L.E. . . . The big, sun-shot exhibition of Impressionist and post-Impressionist paintings at the Wildenstein Gallery in New York. . . . The bites of news in Paul-Marc Henry's book *Poodlestan* which reveals that Napoleon's troops took poodles to Russia, that Goethe hated them, Schopenhauer loved them, and *Vanity Fair* ran this poem: "This pleasant, mild, and wind-blown poodle/Has less than nothing in his noodle/'Twixt him and Mr. Albert E./There is thus no relativity."

RITA TUSHINGHAM

Her astonishing eyes looped with eyeliner, her mouth ready to break into a smile that splinters her face, Rita Tushingham, *opposite*, might have resulted if a star-making machine had been fed a card chewed at random by field mice. A farouche, gay, solemn English actress, who blushes when she is asked for her autograph and drops into a plummy fake-deb voice when she talks of "po-faced" things, she crossed all the usual wires and came out the winner. At twenty-three, she has three times made the indelible mark, the unshakable film memory most performers would settle for making once. In *A Taste of Honey* she was the definitive, life-crossed waif; in *Girl With Green Eyes*, the image of plunging first love; in *The Knack*, the endearing funny-girl with the daffy look of someone too long in the prize ring. From a non-theatrical Liverpool family, Rita Tushingham became an actress because she wanted an audience. She thinks happy, but she may be happiest in a rampantly Olde-English cottage with her husband, Terry Bicknell, a television cameraman, and their year-and-a-half old daughter, a dangerous blonde named Dodonna. This year Rita Tushingham went to Spain for the movie *Dr. Zhivago*, to Canada to film *Deep in the Forest*. Wherever she goes, she seems wholly vulnerable. Her great-eyed, gawky face emits every lumen of emotion. She is a sending station: what goes in must shine out.

DAVID BAILEY





ADELAIDE DE MENIL

MICHAEL CAINE

With canny cheek, Michael Caine uses his odd hiccupy voice, narrow English looks, and loping gait to flip through his second movie, *The Ipcress File*, as though he invented lower-middle-class Intelligence. If the plot is shot with holes, no one minds, least of all Caine. As Harry Palmer, secret agent, he caps *Ipcress* with two more Len Deighton brain-drainers, *Funeral in Berlin* and *Horse Under Water*. Like Palmer, Caine is all boy, smokes Gauloises *bleues*, cooks like a *maître queux*. He also collects Yugoslav primitives, sops up stereo, and dresses dandily: "Everything that looks scruffy on me has been extremely well made." Decidedly unscruffy, Caine's assured acting stems from "three years in British rep playing everything from *Getting Gertie's Garter* to *Hamlet*." In his next film, *Alfie*, Michael Caine will speak the Cockney of his own London quarter.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



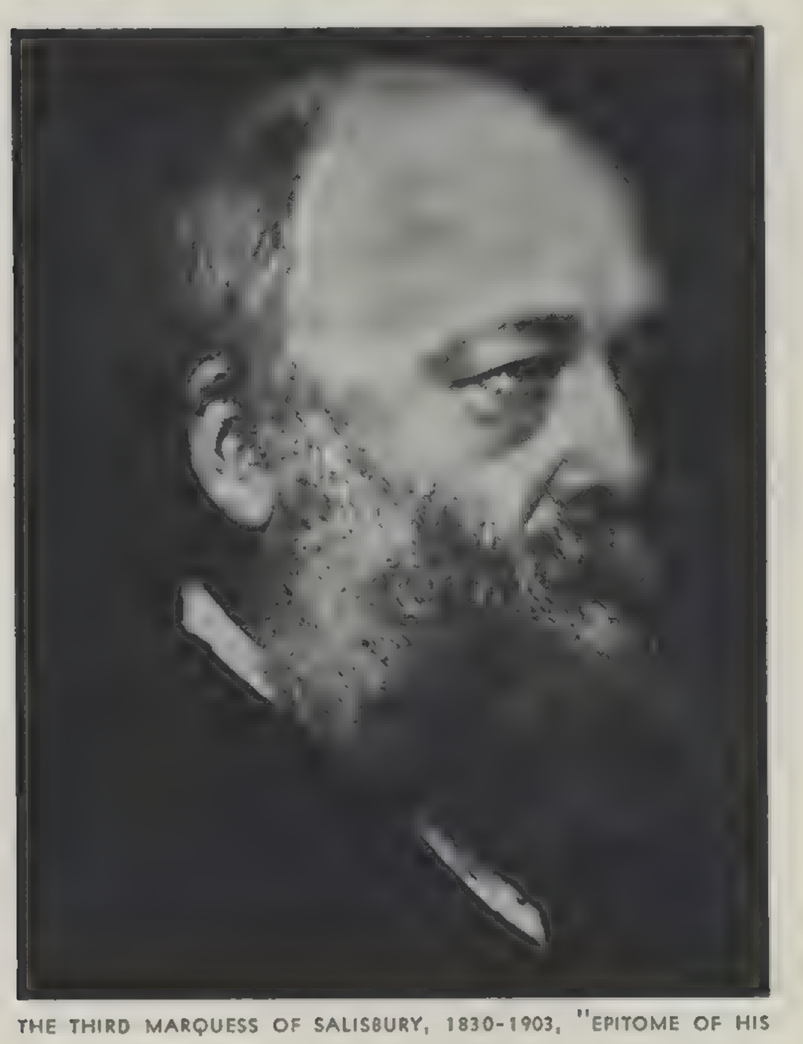
HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

MAURICE OHANA

Reclusive, perfectionist, the composer Maurice Ohana rouses line storms of talk in France. He excites critics with his sweet, violent, serious, own-track music. He exasperates technicians with his meticulousness. For his accompanying music for a radio play rehearsals ran from eight A.M. to midnight: the singing was in thirds of notes. A handsome bachelor of fifty, dressed invariably in admirable sweaters and tweeds, Maurice Ohana looks like a British sportsman. Raised in North Africa, he slants to its percussive sounds. His recent work, "Signes," played at the Bordeaux Festival, calls for two citterns. In the United States, the response to Ohana is "Who?" In Europe the response is intense among an informed, special following. Neither pursuing fame, nor encouraging pursuers, Maurice Ohana lives quietly, never answers the telephone unless it rings in secret code.

THE PATRIC

LORD SALISBURY



THE THIRD MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, 1830-1903, "EPITOME OF HIS CLASS," SERVED THREE TIMES AS PRIME MINISTER TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Barbara W. Tuchman, a master of historical mosaic, the author of the famous* The Guns of August, *has written another superb book,* The Proud Tower: A Portrait of the World Before the War—1890 to 1914. *Only Vogue has been allowed to publish excerpts from this Macmillan book to be released in January, 1966, when it will also be the Book-of-the-Month-Club selection. A pulsing, detailed, fascinating look in depth at the Anglo-American and Western European world that has been called by the unknowing the Golden Age,* The Proud Tower *has wit, passion, horror, and amusement.*

The last government in the Western world to possess all the attributes of aristocracy in working condition took office in England in June of 1895. Great Britain was at the zenith of empire when the Conservatives won the General Election of that year, and the Cabinet they formed was her superb and resplendent image. Its members represented the greater landowners of the country who had been accustomed to govern for generations. As its superior citizens they felt they owed a duty to the State to guard its interests and manage its affairs. They governed from duty, heritage and habit—and, as they saw, from right.

The Prime Minister was a marquess and lineal descendant of the father and son who had been chief ministers to Queen Elizabeth and James I. The Secretary for War was another marquess who traced his inferior title of baron back to the year 1181, whose great-grandfather had been Prime Minister under George III and whose grandfather had served in six cabinets under three reigns. The Lord President of the Council was a duke who owned 186,000 acres in eleven counties, whose ancestors had served in government since the fourteenth century, who had himself served thirty-four years in the House of Commons and three times refused to be Prime Minister. The Secretary for India was the son of another duke whose family seat was received in 1315 by grant from Robert the Bruce and who had four sons serving in Parliament at the same time. The President of the Local Government Board was a pre-eminent country squire who had a duke for a brother-in-law, a marquess for son-in-law, an ancestor who had been Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Charles II, and who had himself been a Member of Parliament for twenty-seven years. The Lord Chancellor bore a family name brought to England by a Norman follower of William the Conqueror and maintained thereafter over eight centuries without a title. The Lord Lieutenant for Ireland was an earl, a grandnephew of the Duke of Wellington and a hereditary trustee of the British Museum. The Cabinet also included a viscount, three barons and two baronets. Of its six commoners, one was a director of the Bank of England, one was a squire whose family had represented the same county in Parliament since the sixteenth century, one—who acted as Leader of the House of Commons—was the Prime Minister's nephew and inheritor of a Scottish fortune of £4,000,000, and one, a notable and disturbing cuckoo in the nest, was a Birmingham manufacturer widely regarded as the most successful man in England.

Besides riches, rank, broad acres and ancient lineage, the new Government also possessed, to the regret of the Liberal Opposition and in the words of one of them, "an almost embarrassing wealth of talent and capacity." Secure in authority, resting comfortably on their electoral majority in the House of

CLANS

RICH, ARISTOCRATIC, "THEY GOVERNED FROM DUTY, HERITAGE, AND HABIT – AND, AS THEY SAW, FROM RIGHT."

BY BARBARA W. TUCHMAN

Commons and on a permanent majority in the House of Lords, of whom four-fifths were Conservatives, they were in a position, admitted the same opponent, "of unassailable strength."

Enriching their ranks were the Whig aristocrats who had seceded from the Liberal party in 1886 rather than accept Mr. Gladstone's insistence on Home Rule for Ireland. They were for the most part great landowners who, like their natural brothers the Tories, regarded union with Ireland as sacrosanct. Led by the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquess of Lansdowne and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, they had remained independent until 1895, when they joined with the Conservative party, and the two forces emerged as the Unionist party, in recognition of the policy that had brought them together. With the exception of Mr. Chamberlain, this coalition represented that class in whose blood, training and practice over the centuries, landowning and governing had been inseparable. Ever since Saxon chieftains met to advise the King in the first national assembly, the landowners of England had been sending members to Parliament and performing the duties of High Sheriff, Justice of the Peace and Lord Lieutenant of the Militia in their own countries. They had learned the practice of government from the possession of great estates, and they undertook to manage the affairs of the nation as inevitably and unquestioningly as a beaver builds a dam. It was their ordained rôle and natural task.

But it was threatened. By a rising rumble of protest from below, by the Radicals of the Opposition who talked about taxing unearned increment on land, by Home Rulers who wanted to detach the Irish island from which so much English income came, by Trade Unionists who talked of Labour representation in Parliament and demanded the legal right to strike and otherwise interfere with the free play of economic forces, by Socialists who wanted to nationalize property and Anarchists who wanted to abolish it, by upstart nations and strange challenges from abroad. The rumble was distant, but it spoke with one voice that said Change, and those whose business was government could not help but hear.

Planted firmly across the path of change, operating warily, shrewdly yet with passionate conviction in defense of the existing order, was a peer who was Chancellor of Oxford University for life, had twice held the India Office, twice the Foreign Office and was now Prime Minister for the third time. He was Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne-Cecil, Lord Salisbury, ninth Earl and third Marquess of his line.

Lord Salisbury was both the epitome of his class and uncharacteristic of it—except insofar as the freedom to be different was a class characteristic. As a young man, he had been tall, thin, ungainly, stooping and shortsighted, with hair unusually black for an Englishman. Now, at sixty-five, his youthful lankiness had turned to bulk, his shoulders had grown massive and more stooped than ever, and his heavy bald head with full curly grey beard rested on them as if weighted down. Melancholy, intensely intellectual, subject to sleep-walking and fits of depression which he called "nerve storms," caustic, tactless, absent minded, bored by society and fond of solitude, with a penetrating, skeptical, questioning mind, he had been called the Hamlet of English politics. He was above the conventions and refused to live in Downing Street. His devotion was to religion, his interest in science. In his own home he attended private chapel every morning before breakfast, and had fitted up a chemical laboratory where he conducted solitary experiments. He harnessed the river at Hatfield for an electric power plant on his estate and strung up along the old beams of his home one of England's first electric light systems, at which his family threw cushions when the wires sparked and sputtered while they went on talking and arguing, a customary occupation of the Cecils.

Lord Salisbury cared nothing for sport and little for people. His aloofness was enhanced by shortsightedness so intense that he once failed to recognize a member of his own Cabinet, and once, his own butler. At the close of the Boer War he picked up a signed photograph of King George and gazing at it pensively, remarked, "Poor Buller [referring to the Commander-in-Chief at the start of the war] what a mess he made of it." On another occasion he was seen in prolonged military conversation with a minor peer under the impression that he was talking to Field Marshal Lord Roberts.

For the upper-class Englishman's alter ego, most intimate companion and constant preoccupation, his horse, Lord Salisbury had no more regard. Riding was to him purely a means of locomotion to which the horse was "a necessary but extremely inconvenient adjunct." Nor was he addicted to shooting. When Parliament rose he did not go north to slaughter grouse upon the moors or stalk deer in Scottish forests, and when protocol required his attendance upon royalty at Balmoral, he would not go for walks and "positively refused," wrote Queen Victoria's Private Secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby, "to admire the (Continued on page 227)

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THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE



THE EIGHTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 1833-1908, FREQUENTLY HELD CABINET OFFICE, WAS "KEEPER OF THE NATIONAL CONSCIENCE."

Wearing the patrician air without self-consciousness, Spencer Compton Cavendish, eighth Duke of Devonshire was probably the only man in England both secure enough and careless enough to forget an engagement with his sovereign. Edward VII, having informed the Duke that he proposed to dine quietly with him at Devonshire House on a certain day, duly arrived, to the consternation of the household, for the Duke was not at home and had to be hurriedly retrieved from the Turf Club.

He was sixty-two in 1895, tall and bearded, with heavy-lidded eyes in a long Hapsburg face and a straight, lordly, high-ridged nose. Formerly Lord Hartington during his thirty-four years in the House of Commons, he was now Lord President of the Council in Salisbury's Cabinet. He owned 186,000 acres and had an income of £180,000 from land alone, not counting investments. Though famous for his lassitude, he had managed to serve in more Cabinet offices under more governments than any man living: as First Lord of the Admiralty under Lord Palmerston, Secretary for War under Lord John Russell, Postmaster-General, Secretary for Ireland, for India, and again for War in successive Gladstone governments. A familiar sight coming down Whitehall was Lord Hartington driving himself to the House in a phaeton with a careless hold on the reins, a large cigar in his mouth and a collie sitting next to him.

He had played a leading rôle in growing opposition to Mr. Gladstone in the two crises of the eighties that broke apart the Liberal Party: the imperialist issue over General Gordon's expedition to the Sudan and the Irish issue over Home Rule. Though he was not one of the polished and impassioned orators, his speech in 1886 announcing his break with Gladstone made a profound impression. By stating plainly that men could not remain in the false position of continuing to support a government, even of their own party, whose principles they disapproved, he gave, said a member, "a new sense of duty and a new power of action to hundreds of men throughout the country." Henry Chaplin thought the speech ought "to make you Prime Minister for certain." Three years earlier the Queen, in her stubborn effort to avoid the inevitability of Mr. Gladstone, had already asked Lord Hartington to form a government; but he had refused, bowing to Gladstone, who, he knew, would not serve except in first place.

In the opinion of Mr. Arthur Balfour, an expert, Lord Hartington was "of all the statesmen I have known . . . the most persuasive speaker," less for his words than for the character behind them. He made every listener feel that here was a man "who has done his best to master every aspect of this question, who has been driven by logic to arrive at certain conclusions, and who is disguising from us no argument on either side. . . . How can we hope to have a more honest guide?" It was this quality, said Balfour, which Hartington possessed "in far greater measure than any man I have ever known," which gave him his great influence with the public, made him indispensable to governments and whether in the Cabinet, in Parliament, or on the public platform, "gave him a dominant position in any assembly."

The Duke would have preferred to be anywhere else, for he undertook the hard work and confining hours of government office more from duty than desire. But he was requited by the feeling of sovereign and country that he was

THEY HAD "AN ALMOST EMBARRASSING WEALTH OF TALENT AND CAPACITY"

one of the pillars on which the state reposed. "The Queen can not conclude this letter," Victoria wrote to him in 1892, "without expressing to the Duke . . . how much she relies on him to assist in maintaining the safety and honour of her vast Empire. All must join"—she finished in simple summary of her faith—"in this great and necessary work."

The Duke joined with no visible zest. "Never angry though often bored," according to one friend, "he takes things very easy indeed," according to another. Some said his lethargy was laziness, others that it was a well-considered reluctance to hurry; in either event it was underlined by a habit of going to sleep in the midst of things. Even his own speeches bored him and once when speaking on the Indian budget he paused, leaned over to the colleague nearest him on the bench, and suppressing a yawn, whispered, "This is damned dull."

His only passion was for his racing stud, although he also maintained, whether from passion, habit, or indolence, a thirty-year liaison with "one of the handsomest women in Europe," as she was when the affair began, the domineering, ambitious, German-born Louise, Duchess of Manchester. Her first duke disappointed her by impoverishing himself, but obedient to his caste, refrained or was persuaded to refrain from bringing any unpleasant public action, leaving his wife and Lord Hartington to enjoy both each other and an unassailable moral and social position. When Manchester died, his widow married her second duke in 1892 just after he had succeeded to his title. Thereafter known as the "Double Duchess," she continued to exercise her formidable talents toward her major goal, that of making her longtime admirer and present husband Prime Minister.

The Duke did not give her the necessary help. He was not the kind in whom a burning ambition for the highest post erases every other consideration. When, after he had led the Liberal Unionists out of the party, Lord Salisbury twice offered to serve under him, he again refused, not yet prepared for coalition. By 1895, however, the split between moderate and radical Whigs having widened and the habit of voting in concert with the Tories having made a bridge, the Duke with four other Liberal Unionists crossed over it to serve under Lord Salisbury.

This was the Conservative—now Unionist—Government that took office in June, 1895. A delicate situation was expected at Windsor when the Duke and the other former Liberals, arriving as members of Lord Salisbury's Ministry to receive their seals of office, would pass their former colleagues on the way out. To avoid embarrassment, the Queen's Private Secretary tactfully arranged that the outgoing Liberals should deliver up their seals at 11 A.M. while the new ministers waited in another drawing room until their predecessors had left. All would have gone off smoothly but for the Duke, who, arriving late as usual, missed the designated waiting room and met his old associates coming out, who peppered him with taunts about his new friends. "No face was more suited to a difficult situation," wrote a witness, for the Duke, quite unperturbed, "passed through them with his mouth wide open and his eyes half closed."

The Cavendishes stemmed from an ancestor who had been Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench during the Peasants' Revolt of 1381. His son John was the man who killed Wat Tyler, for which he was knighted on the spot by Richard II, while the father was seized elsewhere by the mob and beheaded in revenge. Dutifully, if none too enthusiastically, the Cavendishes down through the centuries helped to govern the country. The fourth Duke served briefly as Prime Minister in 1756 and 1757, while the elder Pitt was sulking, but resigned as soon as he could be replaced. His brother, Lord John Cavendish, was twice Chancellor of the Exchequer, in which capacity Edmund Burke praised him for his "great integrity . . . and perfect disinterestedness" but wished that Lord John could be "induced to show a certain degree of regular attendance on business" and be allowed only "a certain reasonable proportion of fox-hunting" and no more. The fifth Duke excelled by marrying the ravishing Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, whom Gainsborough painted in a pale shining glow against storm clouds, and Reynolds painted laughing with a full-skirted baby on her knee, but whose beauty and irresistible charm came in the same excess as her gambling debts, which cost her husband £1,000,000. Fortunately, the Cavendishes were one of the two or three richest families in the kingdom. When his steward regretted to inform the fifth Duke that his heir, the Lord Hartington of that day, was "disposed to spend a great deal of money," the Duke replied, "So much the better; Lord Hartington will have a great deal of money to spend."

In the Duke of 1895, neither fortune, nor position as eldest son, nor disinclination to exert himself, nor desire to follow his heart upon the turf were enough to outweigh in him "certain hereditary government instincts." He felt that "he owed a debt to the State that must be paid." This (Continued on page 233)

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Effortless and entirely personal—evening clothes with the informed authority of Mainbocher. Here, short dinner looks in white; next pages, long covered crêpes. Evening suit of white Indian broadtail lamb, *above*, enchanting with the crusty ivory fragility of a little blouse of re-embroidered lace. The jacket, absolutely correct with rounded notched collar, straight set-in sleeves; the skirt, slightly gathered, and widened at the hem. The fur itself: thin as silk, beautifully marked. Impeccable white silk crêpe, *opposite*, a short dinner dress with a bias top, softly cowled, small sleeves curving just over the shoulders. The skirt wraps to the back, under a tied sash. Suit and dress, both made to order at Mainbocher. Jewels by Van Cleef & Arpels. On these and the next two pages: coiffures by Sebou of the House of Revlon; backgrounds photographed in the apartment of Frederick P. Victoria.

EVENINGS WITH MAINBOCHER

HORST







MAINBOCHER

Silk crêpes that flow easily over the body, wrap over the head—this is Mainbocher's special genius for "cut and drape to emphasize the grace and freedom of the figure." In raspberry crêpe, *opposite*, an asymmetric evening dress with subtle spiral folds, a stole attached to cover the head or shoulders. *On this page*, bright Indian pink crêpe with a high waist, sleeves, a hood that falls to a looping collar. Both, made to order at Mainbocher. Jewels: Van Cleef & Arpels.

PARIS WHEN IT SPARKLES



Saint Laurent:
jewelled smocking
on sand silk

Smocking, maharani style, *opposite*, a splendour of gold and topaz beads across the high little yoke, and cuffs, of a smock of sand-coloured silk—straight, soft, to the floor. The simplest schoolgirl shape, done in the most dazzling way. By Saint Laurent, of Bianchini fabric. Dress: I. Magnin. The looperoo, *right*—all fluid folds flung to the back in a draped pannier, held by a little bow at the nape; flat to the body at the front. All, of the lightest-weight tissue brocade in emerald and gold, with heavy gold embroidery at the cuffs, orange lining. By Dior, of Bianchini fabric. At I. Magnin. Both coiffures: Alexandre.



Dior:
looperoo of
tissue brocade



The black fur dressing gown, foulard pyjamas by Revillon

PENN

Warming to winter evenings at home, *opposite:* the indoor sport of a long black fur robe shawled and scarfed by jet-blue foulard, at one with the silk pyjamas. Black-dyed rabbit-skin robe and pyjamas by Revillon. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Geometry in motion, *right:* the new mathematics of fashion going way out to right and left. Burgundy and black dinner dress by Grès, in Bianchini velvet. At Chez Ninon; I. Magnin. Roger Vivier slippers. The coiffures on both pages by Alexandre.



Grès velvet trapeze,
Burgundy and black





Cardin's angel robes—fall of white crêpe . . . cage of tangerine lace

Heavenly idea for evening—angel-robe dresses from Cardin, with soft wide pleats gathered around the neck . . . huge pointed sleeves winging past the fingertips. . . . In long white silk crêpe, *left*, a giant black rose on the shoulder. Angel-robe pleats in tangerine lace, *right*, caging a stem of coral chiffon. Short evening dress in Brivet lace. Copies at Macy's, New York.

Evening Black lipstick—a special note

See the mouth at left. The news it wears is so special we used a code-name for it (007) in the course of discussing plans for its photograph. Its real name is Evening Black. It's one of Estée Lauder's new lipstick shades—inked amethyst with enough silveriness to make it do two things *any* contemporary lipstick ought to do: glisten deliciously; not look heavy or reminiscent. Meant primarily for the woman who wants to get away from a pale mouth, but can't—and won't—go back to the blackened reds of the early 'forties, this lipstick is part of a total look: eyes dream, skin glows . . . just as Estée Lauder thinks they should.

PENN





Molyneux:
chiton shirring,
pink-coral jersey

The Greek idea, *left:* fluid folds of pink-coral jersey to the floor, fluting the body. Wide décolletage, a beautifully bared back. By Molyneux, of Veron silk jersey. Caryatid coiffure by Alexandre.

Dior: back-dipped
yellow crêpe

Sharp brilliance, *right,* a single burst of softness—deep cartridge folds dropped back from the raglan shoulder, gathered and bloused by a bow. Vivid yellow dinner dress by Marc Bohan for Dior, in Lesage silk crêpe. I. Magnin. Dior onyx jewellery. Alexandre coiffure.

PENN

FASHION ON THE SLOPES





PUCCI: LAYERS OF MAGENTA... PANTS OVER BOOTS

Dashing for the swift drifts of ski-life, these excitements whizzed up by Emilio Pucci—a crack skier himself, whose designing career started with ski clothes. An anorak in his marvellous printed velveteen (opposite), figured and flowered in only-you-Emilio colours, zipped over a build-up of brilliant Pucci sweaters (this page). These, all magenta-based, over Pucci's wide-legged ski-pants of magenta stretch twill—worn *outside* the ski-boot, strapped in black patent leather. Knitted wool ski-cap: black with visor and pompon, attached to a magenta hood to pull under-chin, or over-face. The sweater build-up: a U-neck of heavy magenta wool, with a white bolero knitted in; magenta pullover inside, of thin wool. All at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

WILLIAM KLEIN

FASHION ON
THE SLOPES:
PUCCI'S LAYERS OF
BLACK AND WHITE
...ZEBRA LEOTARD

Here, in the zowie of black and white, more of the amusing-but-practical ski clothes of Pucci. Starting with the base of a black-and-white zebra-printed leotard, the shortest black shorts of stretch gabardine—ideas designed to give as long a leg as possible. The sweater build-up at the *right:* a heavy white wool with U-neck, banded in black, worn over a high-necked black pullover of thin wool. Over all, a nylon anorak of geometric black and white, *left,* that covers all but the last inches of the black shorts. The helmet, like a motorcycle policeman's—white, edged in black. All, at Lord & Taylor.

WILLIAM KLEIN



BLACK AND WHITE FOR THE SLOPES

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

Starting here, six pages of great American ski clothes, headed straight for the top. Belled ski pants in the news, left: black, hip-hugging, belled *over* boot-tops, anchored by a stretch strap under the instep. Snugged into them—a skimped turtleneck of snow-white ribbed cashmere. Pants by Ulla, in stretch fabric of Fortrel and worsted (by Waumbec); about $35. Bonwit Teller. Turtleneck by Hadley. About $30. Altman's. Both: Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Mittens by Fur & Sport. Hat by Lilly Daché. Windcheater-shirt, right: black nylon with a bold white zipper, over a black cotton turtleneck; black stretch pants. All by White Stag. Shirt, about $5. Turtleneck, about $3. Pants of wool, nylon, and Lycra; about $40. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's. Amrose hat. Ritter Bros. mittens. Haderer boots: Norse House. Shiny white hipbag, on both pages, by Ben-King.



THE FENCER'S JACKET FOR THE SLOPES

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

Fencer's jacket in ice blue, left: lean, high-necked, side-closed . . . pulled just to the top of the legs. This, and stretch pants to match, by Jack Winter Ski. Jacket of Chemstrand nylon with Vycron fiberfill; about $25. Pants, of Acrilan and Helanca stretch nylon (Waumbec fabric); about $20. Best and Co.; Woodward & Lothrop; May-D & F; Joseph Magnin. Lynx mittens by Ritter Bros. Shiny black fencer's jacket, right: mock crocodile in jet-gleaming nylon, closed on the side, slicked over a white turtleneck and black ski pants. Jacket in Du Pont nylon (Travis fabric); about $50. Pants, of Anglo wool and Du Pont stretch nylon; about $30. Both by McGregor. Stern Brothers. (We added the turtleneck.) Both pages: Haderer ski boots; Norse House. Fluffy fur hats by Amrose: Lord & Taylor.



Short, hooded black jumpsuit, far left, to wear bare-legged at noon; over black ski pants on the slopes. Of shiny stretch nylon; about $50. Pants of wool. nylon, spandex; about $50. Both by Ernst Engel. Saks Fifth Avenue. Fur & Sport mittens. Black-and-white pouch bag hung around the neck, by Calderon. Goggles by Riviera. Fencer's-jacket ski suit, above left: narrow beige fencer's jacket fastened on the side; sleek over pants to match. Both by McGregor, of wool and Helanca stretch nylon. Ski suit about $70. Stern Brothers. Adolfo hat. Gloves by Ritter Bros. Here and left: ski boots by Haderer, at Norse House. High noon on the sun deck, below left—peel to a larky black jumpsuit with a ribbed undershirt top. By Pius Wieler, of Helanca stretch nylon; about $55. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin. Irene of New York hat. Fur & Sport mittens. Golo boots. After skiing slip into something terrific, right: pants turnout in camel Shetland wool. Double-breasted cavalry jacket vented in back, long and narrow over hip-slung cigarette pants. By Cuddlecoat; about $100. Altman's; Livingston's; Dayton's; Sakowitz. Hat by Mr. John; Hansen Analon nylon gloves. Fox shoulder bag by Greta.

FASHION ON AND OFF THE SLOPES

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



DOCTOR LOVE STRIKES AGAIN

By James Leasor

Outside, in the château gardens, the fountains threw patriotic arms of red, white, and blue, Holland's national colours, sixty feet nearer the dark of the sky. The changing breeze blew a faint spray on Dr. Jason Love's face as he sat on the terrace. The scent of pine trees lay sweet as syrup on the soft midnight air.

This was his first visit to Holland; the luxury of this château converted into a country hotel impressed him. Its barbered lawns, striped awnings, the richness of waxed Dutch furniture provided an unexpected obverse to the anticipated trinity of tulip fields, windmills, and canals.

He glanced at Angela across the white wrought-iron table. Was this different from the clog-image she had also absorbed at school? But then, Max's daughter was barely nineteen. At that age, one knew everyone and everything; the only unknown experience was death, and that lay far away.

The band changed tempo. The beat of "Amapola," a song half forgotten, half unforgettable, spun his mind back across the years to another night, when he had heard it first with Angela's father, a wartime surgeon with the U.S. Army Air Force in Calcutta, flying on the hump run to Chungking.

The song completed the circle, for Angela, Love's goddaughter, was on a two-week tour of European capitals with a party from her college. And Love, on his way back to his Somerset practice from an early holiday in Antibes, had driven north to Amsterdam to meet her. The moonlight glittered on his white 812 supercharged Cord roadster under the trees; like the song, it was a beautiful anachronism of the nineteen thirties.

This was Angela's last evening; she was all but on her way.

Love hated good-byes. He recalled the parting words, before he left for France, of Colonel Douglas MacGillivray, deputy head of M16, the British Overseas Intelligence network for which Love sometimes acted as an amateur agent.

They had been talking in the back room of the travel agency off the Edgware Road, through which Love had booked his tickets, but which existed primarily as a convenient cover for Intelligence activities, for constant overseas telegrams, departures, and arrivals at unlikely hours.

He still had in his jacket pocket the slim aluminum cigarette lighter that MacGillivray had placed on the desk between them.

"One of our newest electronic gadgets, Doctor," the Colonel had announced proudly. "Helps us to cut down on manpower—and on risks. Observe how the business of spying is changing.

"To save sending a man over the Wall, for instance, we tapped East German underground telephone cables. But someone talked, and the scheme was blown.

"The electronic boys thought again and produced a scheme to transmit messages over the Wall along an infrared beam. Then someone else decided that this could be deflected, so we substituted the laser—a brief flash of light and the message was finished, received, and understood. Over and out.

"The changes made us realize how old-fashioned we were in other ways. Have you ever thought, Doctor, that although between this century's two key assassinations—at Sarajevo in 1914 and at Dallas in 1963—the world's seen more scientific progress than possibly over the previous five hundred years, yet the means— (Continued on page 218)

Anouk Aimée...in one-shoulder white mink

Beautiful on or off the screen . . . Anouk Aimée's wide-set brown eyes, arching brows, long mobile mouth, in a camellia-pale, perfectly oval face. Her newest movie *The Scandal* . . . twenty-four hours in the life of a fashionable married couple in Rome. Here, she wears a luxurious new wrapping for one-shoulder or strapless evening dresses . . . a white mink stole that draws closely over one shoulder, leaves the other bare, and ties to one side at the back. By Ritter Bros., of Saga natural white mink. Nan Duskin; Bullock's-Wilshire. Earrings: Harry Winston. Coiffure: Marc Sinclaire.

PENN

When the daughter of Madame Grès married

When Mlle. Anne Czerefkow-Grès was married to M. Claude Graire in the Breton village of Pleubian, a sense of joy shone with the sun. For the wedding her mother, the subtle and exacting couturier (photographed adjusting the veil, *opposite*), made her daughter a white organza dress scattered with roses and jasmine. After the church service, and after little girls had tossed traditional sugared almonds to the village children, Mme. Grès gave a wedding luncheon for a few close friends and family servants in her stone farmhouse, which she had decorated with loops and swags of white ribbon. Although more than a mile separates Pleubian and the farmhouse, Mme. Graire, with her tall, dark, young husband (*above* and *right*), chose to walk and laugh and dance all the way for the brimming pleasure of hearing passersby call, "Vive la mariée."









THE NIGHT OF THE FUR... THE MAGNIFICENT MINK CAFTANS

Scheherazaderie flings of mink—caftans plunging straight from the shoulders, with an almost savage beauty, a barbaric splendour . . . like superb Asiatic furs that Marco Polo might have seen in the tents of Tartary. *Left:* Glorious free-falling caftan of shining dark mink, with a white mink banding that runs its whole length, encircles the neckline and hem. . . . By Christie Bros. in Great Lakes natural dark ranch mink. At Joseph Horne; Neusteters; Bullock's-Wilshire. Halston white mink cap, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Jack Gilbert rings and necklace at Lord & Taylor. Earrings by Schreiner at Bloomingdale's. Harem tights by Beautiful Bryans. *Above:* Pale off-white mink with an enchanting glimmer like old ivory . . . tango-length caftan with the skins worked horizontally, in great circular sweeps. By Ben Kahn, in Canada Majestic Pearl mink. At Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny; Bullock's-Wilshire. Giant turban of gold lamé, by Halston to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Both pages, sandals by Bernardo. Necklace by Alice Caviness. Jack Gilbert earrings and ring: Lord & Taylor. Background: pillows by Far Eastern.

HELMUT NEWTON



NIGHT OF THE FUR... THE CAFTANS

Mink caftan, hooded in sable, left: a great silky sweep of black mink, diagonally worked, with looped-up sleeves; a huge, back-flung hood of darkest sable. Caftan of black-dyed mink; black-dyed Russian sable hood; designed by Sarmi for Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue. Jack Gilbert rings: Saks Fifth Avenue. Necklace by Vendôme. Wrist bracelets by Judith Green; ankle bracelets, Fabiola. Sable all the way, right: sumptuous caftan of sable in horizontal bandings, plunging straight from a collarless neckline; widened sleeves and hem. By Fredrica, of tip-dyed Russian Crown sable. At Halle Bros.; Hudson's; Harold's. Earrings by Apex Art, at Altman's. Silver stretch lamé tights by Beautiful Bryans. Evins chopines, to order at I. Miller. Freirich necklace. Belt by Robert Originals. Both pages: gold lamé turbans by Halston, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Pillows by Far Eastern. Gilt paper background: Gracie & Sons.

HELMUT NEWTON



NIGHT OF THE FUR... THE POLISHED LITTLE BROADTAILS

Broadtail at night: jet-black, polished, gleaming with silky little whirlpools that catch the light...supple as the softest fabric. Marvellously luxurious here in a small dinner dress, a theatre suit. Small, sleeveless broadtail dress, far left: the simplest, sleekest little dress you could slide into at six o'clock, and one of the most devastating...low on top, and smoothly shaped to the body. Black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb with the shine of damask. Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue. Hat by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Earrings by Mimi di N at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dirndl-skirted suit, in broadtail, left: the flat, watery-smooth fur handled with great crispness and dash, like luxurious fabric.... Short, mandarin-collared jacket, wraparound skirt with gathered fullness, slashed over one knee. By Laurence Kaye, in black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb. At Blum's, Chicago; J. W. Robinson. Evins shoes at I. Miller. Cascade of white mink tails by Irene of New York. Vendôme earrings: Altman's. Charles Elkaim bracelets.

HELMUT NEWTON



NIGHT OF THE FUR... THE POLISHED BROADTAIL COATS

The sleekest little late-day coats...in the silkiest black broadtail, with the swirled moiré patterns that furriers call "flowers." Coachman's coat in broadtail, left: satiny-black broadtail cut as crisply as silk. Single-breasted coat that fits smoothly at the midriff, sweeps out into a wide skirt; flat, squared collar. By Ritter Bros., of black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb. At May-D & F; Sanger-Harris; Nicholas Ungar. Lilly Daché hat. Jack Gilbert necklace: Lord & Taylor. Schreiner ring. Ruched-collar coat, ermine facing, right: enchanting coat with a Scaramouche ruff of collar, a dashing swing of skirt. Flung back, it shows a wide ermine facing—dazzling white against the polished, patterned black. Of black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb; made to order at Maximilian. Scaramouche hat by Lilly Daché. Joseph Warner earrings. Gloves, both pages, by Hansen.



HELMUT NEWTON

THE GROUP IN WHITE ERMINE

All in ermine, all in *The Group*—four of the eight young beauties in the movie version of Mary McCarthy's novel. Jessica Walter, far left, plays Libby, the exasperating literary agent, "the best and hardest part." Bow-tied coat by Sarmi for Revillon. Saks Fifth Avenue. Candice Bergen, left, daughter of Edgar, is Lakey, *Group* leader, "lovely, intellectual... the best part." The white ermine trench coat by Evans, Chicago. L.L. Berger; Vandervoort's.

Jessica Walter

Candice Bergen

Elizabeth Hartman, near left, plays Priss, New Dealer. "I find her sad; she was defeated... by her husband, by the baby." Coat with loops at the neck, by Betty Yokova for Neustadter. At Erlebachers; Rosen-Engleson. The coiffures here and opposite, by Ara Gallant of Garrison-Ramon. Joanna Pettet, right, is Kay, the ambitious fizzle; her wedding begins the film, her funeral ends it. Joanna, who recently starred on Broadway, in *Poor Richard*, wears a coat like a rajah's tunic. From Tailored Woman. All four coats, of natural white Russian ermine.



Elizabeth Hartman



Joanna Pettet

HELMUT NEWTON



Donna Selvaggia
Borromeo d'Adda



Donna Allegra Caracciolo di Castagneto

ITALIAN BOUTIQUES: THE PALAZZO HOURS

Zingy at-home clothes from Italy . . . worn here by young international beauties who adore clothes like these themselves . . . and have made them adored all over the world. Silvery caftan, above: a long, lamé rustle of printed leaves . . . pale green, pink, silver . . . worn here by Donna Allegra Caracciolo di Castagneto. Caftan by Biki, of Borromeo fabric. Necklace, earrings: Coppola & Toppo. K. J. L. bracelets. Coiffure: Elizabeth Arden's Rome Salon, by Giorgio. Elizabeth Arden makeup, both pages, by Pablo. After-ski flowers, left: bright reds and yellows, splashed on a long black velvet coat . . . legs to match. Worn—with a hood and muff of tawny swansdown—by Donna Selvaggia Borromeo d'Adda. Costume by Valentino Boutique. Fabric by Gandini. Shoes by Tino Ferrario. The setting on both pages: Conte and Contessa Crespi's apartment in Rome.

HENRY CLARKE





Donna Allegra
Caracciolo di Castagneto

VOGUE, November 1, 1965



Baroness Fiona Thyssen-Bornemisza

ITALIAN BOUTIQUES: THE PALAZZO HOURS

From the Italian Boutique collections: a bubble of fresh ideas, surprises, delights . . . ravishing new ways to look at home in the palazzo, worn by one Scottish, one Italian beauty.

Witty black-and-white pyjamas, above: top in smashing Harlequin squares, black standaway neckline . . . court jester's trousers: one white leg, one black. Worn by Baroness Fiona Thyssen-Bornemisza, in Contessa Volpi di Misurata's Roman palazzo. Pyjamas by Galitzine, in Orlon jersey; at I. Magnin. Shoes by Lucarelli. Jewels, Petochi. Coiffure: Vergottini of Milan.

Witty necklace—knitted, left: Donna Allegra Caracciolo in Naka's backless white-and-gold knitted top with the necklaces knitted on; long white wool skirt; gold lamé earrings. Coiffure: Elizabeth Arden's Rome Salon by Giorgio. Elizabeth Arden makeup by Pablo. Chairs by Officine Undici.

HENRY CLARKE



LORD SNOWDON

MARK TOBEY

A MASTER PAINTER, "HE IS ONE OF THE ART WORLD'S FEW HOLY ANCIENTS."

BY JOHN RUSSELL

I have known the city of Basel for the best part of thirty years. It is Europe at its inmost, midmost, *most:* and the names which stick out in its history—Erasmus, Calvin, Holbein, Nietzsche, Burckhardt—stand for clearly definable Old-European aspirations. But who first made sense of Basel, for me, as a place to live in? An American, Mark Tobey.

Tobey has as keen a sense of place as any man now living. Known pre-eminently as one of the major painters of the day, he is the master of a delicate and seraphic mode of expression that won him First Prize at the Venice Biennale of 1958, and First Prize at the Carnegie International in Pittsburgh in 1961. Tobey in his work has the mysterious attribute of being at home everywhere. If defined as "an American painter," he at once reveals qualities which can only be called Oriental: we should know, even if History had not already told us, that he has lived in the East and studied Chinese and Japanese brushwork at source. But if we start from the other end and define him as a painter of Oriental inspiration, it would soon turn out that few artists are more distinctly American. Tobey is, when he wants to be, a master of direct social comment and a connoisseur of Americana. But this, again, is incomplete; Tobey is also a shrewd and learned student of European art, who can floor most residents of Paris or London with his knowledge of their local museums. In the great public galleries of Europe and America, Tobey's own paintings stand always a little apart from the rest, like visitors from another world; but where other paintings of the last fifty years wax and wane in our esteem, speaking to us urgently at one moment and not at all at another, a Tobey remains constant in its hold upon us. The voice is perfectly even, the statement discreet but incontrovertible, the manner of expression related as much to West as to East, to past as to present, and to poetry as to painting.

Tobey has, moreover, the auxiliary interest of being one of our century's great natural wanderers. "You go to a place," he once said to me, "and you see if it has anything to give you. And if it hasn't, you move on to somewhere else." Tobey is as much at home in the Orient as in England, where he lived for six years in the thirties, or in Seattle, which he chose in 1923 as his main American base, after a childhood in Wisconsin and long spells in New York and Chicago. He has a genius for undirected, improvisatory travel. In 1960, when he was in his seventieth year, he settled in Basel; and today there are many inhabitants of Basel's St. Alban Viertel who take a discreet pride in Tobey's presence among them. He is an unmistakable figure as he pads along the street, wearing as often as not a beret, a full-skirted jacket, ginger in colour, and a pair of English grey flannel trousers. It did not at all displease him when someone likened him to a French country doctor, or when an American shopkeeper said to him: "If you're not an Englishman, you bring something English into this shop with you." To my tailor in London he said: "I look best in the garments of Henry VIII." Ideally, in fact, I think that he would have been a wanderer in time, as much as in space, and taken as many liberties with the one as he has with the other. But, as things are, in his seventies, he has made do with Basel.

Basel gives little away. You can no more "know" it, as a tourist, than you can "know" Dante from the look of a locked bookcase. I once wrote of Basel that "no city in Europe is more firmly closed against the casual visitor," and I can see no reason to revise the sentence. Stonefaced, unsmiling, nondescript in its outskirts, which could be those of Olten or Biel or any other industrial centre in the Swiss flatlands, Basel is at its secret best on the high ground above the south bank of the Rhine. Double-locked against us, but irresistibly stylish and grand, are the three or four narrow streets in all Basel which have a coherent patrician style. Nowhere in Europe are there more beautiful window-guards, doors stouter or more nobly proportioned, gardens more artfully concealed from the visitor. There are stupendous town houses in this part of Basel, palaces as imposing as any in Prague or Genoa, but few people get to see them. Even today, when Basel's shopping streets are impassable and the Münsterplatz is one huge parking lot, you can walk along the Rittergasse and know what one French visitor meant when he wrote in the thirties that "in Basel every shutter closes at the sound of a travelling coach and every woman hides herself. This is, one would think, a city to let."

There was time to ponder all this as the train ticked off the carpentered villages along the valley of the Aare. And there was time to consider, also, the possible motives behind Tobey's choice. He is, as everyone knows, one of the art world's few holy ancients: upholder for just half a century of the Bahai faith. Doubt- (Continued on next page)

less he was given to silence and meditation and a calculated withdrawal from the world. This being so, what could be more natural than that he should choose one of the few quarters of metropolitan Europe which have still the character of a retreat? Old Basel has been a centre of independent thought ever since the Cluniac monks set up their printing presses at the end of the fifteenth century. Printing brought publishing, and publishing brought the people who had something to say and nowhere else to say it. Within the few hundred square yards of the old town there are houses of every sort, from elegant mansions of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries right back to the rude inns and collapsing cottages of the Gothic era. Somewhere Tobey, the inventor of "white writing" and the painter of the "Meditative Series" of 1954, might well have reconstructed the life of Basel as it was when the early humanists came to settle there. Early nights and simple living would nourish his inspiration, and from time to time some lofty spirit would be admitted for a haiku party or an exchange of apothegms.

When I checked in at the hotel which Tobey had chosen for me, I made what were, I hope, some discreet inquiries. The hotel—named after Euler the geometrician—was the best in town and one of the best in Switzerland. Talk of early nights was confounded by a Tobey message: "We never go to bed before midnight or later"; but there remained the address, impeccable in its austerity, and the rumour, grazing certainty, that previous residents in the house had included Calvin. The street was all that could be hoped for: heavy-eaved, Gothic-fountained, and endowed with a mailbox designed in the nineteenth century by Melchior Berri, an architect much loved in Basel. I know of no other such survival in Europe: a public mailbox with a ceramic bluebird carrying a ceramic letter in its yellow ceramic beak. Here, decidedly, the old handmade European life was being carried on.

Haus Tobey, as it would be called on the German side of the Rhine, is built like a fortress: a great, square building with a good deal of blind wall at street level and a staircase that invites the lavish gestures of swordplay. But its aspect today is profoundly pacific. Calvin and cowbells combine in the distant peal which announces a visitor. Potted plants (at the turn of the stairs, a double-decker amaryllis lily) enliven approaches otherwise dominated by whitewash and old oak. Hewn logs by the hundreds line the hallway, and at the top of the stairs what looks to the ignoramus like an Oriental scroll painting turns out to be a sheet of Japanese commercial wrapping paper, with address and stamps; Tobey has raised it to the status of an independent work of art.

At most times of the day activity centres on the enormous area, part landing, part Great Hall, part quarterdeck, which would be styled *le living* in French idiom. Ideally Mark Tobey would like to paint from dawn till dusk without interruption, but if a visit has been scheduled, he will be found on deck, pacing back and forth like one of Nelson's captains and passing the time of day with one or both of his two companions. One of these, Pehr Hallsten, a Swedish-American scholar turned painter, has been a close friend of Tobey's for many years. The other, Mark Gordon Ritter, by origin half Swiss and half Scot, has the look of one ravaged by a lifetime of philosophical endeavour but is, in fact, a master of practical life, with seven languages at his command and the further advantage of being a native of Basel. The combined ages of the three must total around two hundred years, but the tone of their talk is nimble. There is nothing *triste* or monastic or world-forsaking about the little circle as it gathers around a huge simmering teapot or a newly broached bottle of Italian vermouth.

Mark Tobey will be seventy-five this December, and he is a little less liable than he was a year or two ago to break into an improvised *pas seul* if the conversation should momentarily flag. But anyone who expects to find him wrapped in contemplation will be dismayed by a rich, gravelly utterance that draws heavily on archaic slang and reveals an uninhibited interest in life as it is actually lived. Tobey is no wincing hermit, and his favourite places are alive—hopping, jumping, teeming—with people of every sort. Broadway, New York, and the Public Market in Seattle have inspired him the most as subjects; and many of the paintings for which he is best known turn out on examination to be phantomatic variants of metropolitan commotion.

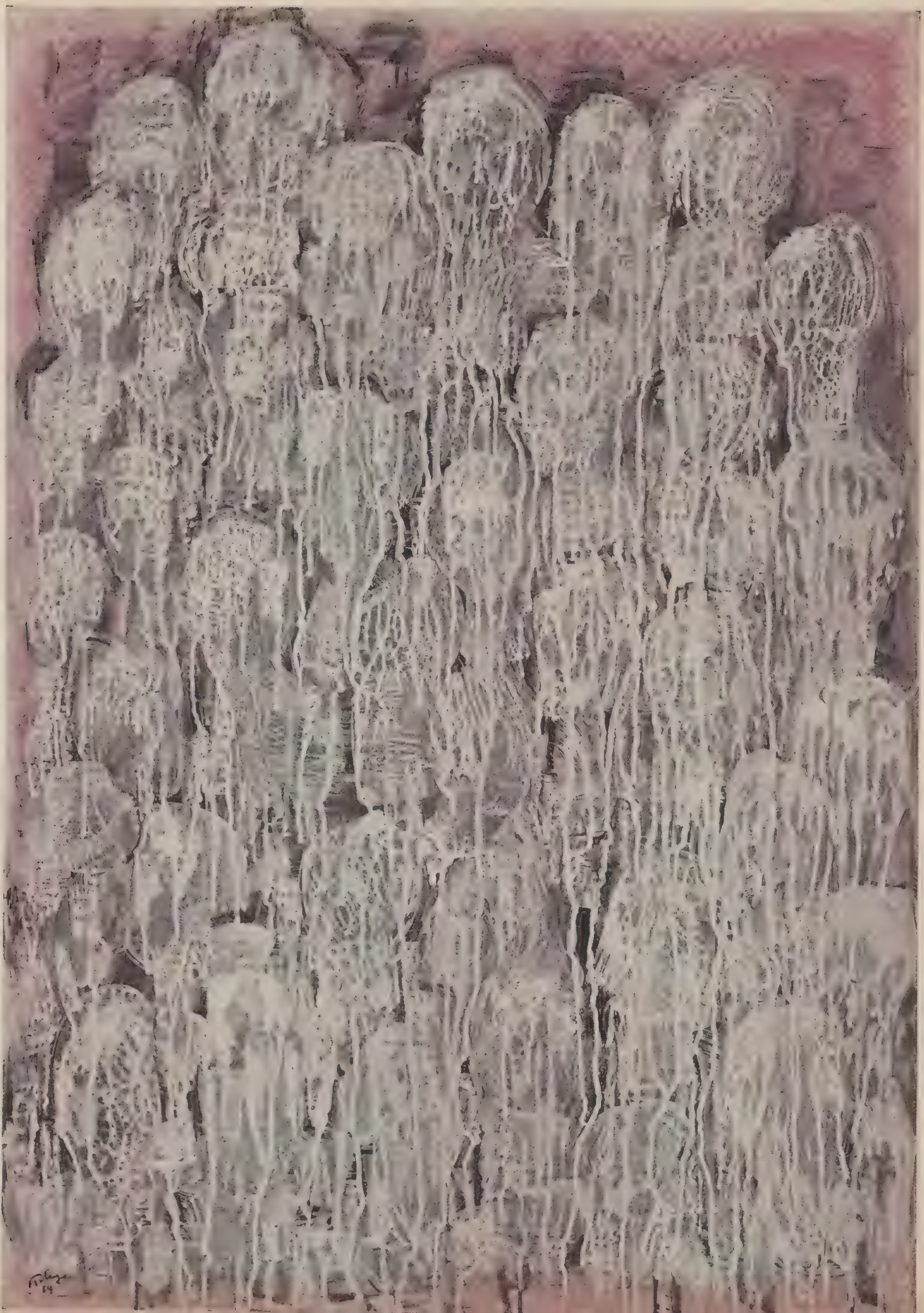
I once found him in a new building in London where the lobby is on the thirteenth floor and the view from the panoramic windows gives onto a wilderness of flat rooftops and machined mouldings. "This place used to be *alive* with people," he said. "There used to be a perpetual hubbub. And look at it now! It's as bad as New York. I wouldn't live here for two bits."

Every artist worth talking about knows how to bring the extremes of his nature into (Continued on page 223)

MARK TOBEY

"SILVER RAIN" BY MARK TOBEY

In his Basel studio last year, Mark Tobey, now seventy-five, painted "Silver Rain," one of the fifteen paintings (none ever shown before) in his new exhibition at New York's Willard Gallery. During the summer on a quick trip from Switzerland, Tobey came to the gallery, looked over all his works there, debated with himself for a few moments, then, decisively choosing one painting for Vogue, said: "this one, 'Rain.' "



BEAUTY IDEAS SNEAKING UP ON PEOPLE...

QUICK RUN-THROUGH OF NEW TAKE-OVERS ON THE U.S. BEAUTY SCENE

Sneakily. Isn't that the way most epoch-marking beauty changes get their foot in the door? Don't they usually insinuate themselves first—and then, whop! they're in? Almost always. But there are exceptions. For instance, sneaking in right now on nothing subtler than jet landing wheels is the first unequivocal change hair has known in years; the sudden change toward the neat head. Not in a long, long time has there been a more abrupt change in hair, and one way we can measure this is by what's gone in the scrap basket. Just as lots of clothes became instant cargo for Goodwill trucks the minute Dior's 1947 skirt-length became famous . . . and, just as many wardrobes date their wearability pre- or post-Courrèges today . . . a number of coiffure plans made before the recent Paris Collections quickly became, of necessity, scrap. Now, hair that isn't neat looks old; skulls that aren't defined look dated. Hair is combed smooth or cut smooth. . . . And that's not all. Postiches that did all those tender, coquettish things last year look not so adorable now. (The head that shone most gloriously at the first big party of the season was Mrs. Winston Guest's; smooth and small as a golden tennis ball, it made the Marie Antoinette constructions in the room look leaden.) When a postiche is wanted, what's wanted is a straighter, stronger postiche employed to do straighter, stronger things to a basically neat skull. And a part of this neatening begins with blunt hems on all hairpieces; loopy curls are pretty much passé. Straightening the postiche and blunting its tail is hairdresser work; salons report they're all set up for surgery. Wheel in the patient, they advise. . . .

Although we were never able to manage much affection for the term "fun fur," perhaps because we'd often found fun people and fun parties a rather strenuous form of un-fun, it does look as though we're going to have to put up with fun fur's sequel term for a while; fun hair has snuck up on the scene. A savvy lady furrier once said she'd observed that when people came into her salon asking for fun fur, what they really meant was something inexpensive, not necessarily jolly. And the euphemism applies in the case of fun hair—because what this is is fake hair at playful prices; hair so inexpensive it's used by the yard rather than by the foot. For example, a floor-length braid of fake hair is quite, well, fun is the word—when it's worn with bright-patterned leotards at home. So is a waist-length fall of thick straight fake hair for anything from djellaba life to beach get-ups. And so, in glorious spades, is a floor-length cape of straight-hanging hair the like of which Japanese ladies of the Heian Dynasty grew, presumably while fashioning their famously exquisite love letters or thinking up a new scent designed to bring the shining prince skulking over. The present century's fun source of fun hair (Continued on next page)

EYES WITH AN INSTINCT ABOUT A CERTAIN LOOK

The look is: a whitened face. An evening face made arresting by the most dramatic means at hand—mauve-white complexion, eyes painted unreal-ly. The look grew from the colours within an extraordinary length of snakeskin—mauve, avocado, pistachio, brass. "Snake Eyes," the proposition put to Revlon's special makeup man, Stan Lawrence, thus became this: mauve and pistachio eyelids; down-turned fake eyelashes. All, devised to show the extremes to which makeup can go when it begins with the exciting premise of a whitened face. Fake eyelashes (upturned, and of unusual longevity) are also Revlon news—the first batch of the long-awaited fakes perfected by Revlon will reach shops of the U.S.A. this month. Mauvesse foundation, under Revlon's Ultima label, is in shops now. Hood, in a Fleming-Joffe leather, made by Adolfo.

BERT STERN





BEAUTY *bulletin*

BEAUTY IDEAS SNEAKING UP ON PEOPLE...

(Continued from preceding page) is less romantic: it grows via that dynamo, Dynel, without which, in fact, this program would not have been possible (real hair doesn't happen in those lengths anymore). . . . Next on the sneak-in list is darker lipstick, and let's forget the image of black-cherry lips. The new dark-red lipsticks are a today-invention. What they're loaded with is light. Light blazing away beneath the colour; light lustre-ing the surface, always. *Only* light prevents red lipstick from being the same tired old red trying for a comeback. And among red lipsticks, *only* the new reds look right. . . . But don't think the darker lipstick, with all that goes with it (a whiter face, a determined maquillage) is out to *tromper* the great hold enjoyed by what we've come to think of as life-coloured makeups. These makeups, warmed by the blood, and based on glow, remain the cleverest, the sneakiest makeup approach in history because what they affect has such an unaffected mien: the look of health and happy juices. And curiously enough, the healthy looking makeups seem to have a far-deeper implication: they're turning the skin honest, in turn. The genuine refining of skin—a perfectly possible process—is the next big goal in the American beauty adventure. Slinking into the consciousness of more and more women is the notion that it's not enough to have skin look healthy; it must *be* healthy, must ring with genuine glow and life. Faultless cleansing is a part of this. So is toning. So is a serious program that whips up circulation or gives the facial muscles a constructive workout. Even the throat, that wasteland, is being reclaimed; a spate of new gadgets, new formulae, new systems are coming on to do the job. One deviser of a new throat-

COMING IN ON THE SIDE: A NEW FORM OF POSTICHE—STRAIGHTER, STRONGER, UNCURLED AT THE END

Built up from a cleanly defined head, the new postiche for evening. Sculpture, it borrows from the sculptor's vocabulary; it's a spatial void. One of the new un-heavy hairpieces by Alexandre, it ought to give ideas to hairpieces around the world (including hairpieces you already own). . . . The dress, from the stirring new collection by Castillo, is of ivory crêpe embroidered with crystals and rhinestones. I. Magnin has it here. . . . Other Castillo designs, admired for their great beauty: chosen by Elizabeth Arden to star at her New York salon.

care system confided to us: "Used daily, this thing will remake the throat's texture in a week." Not exactly the sort of claim that can go on a label, the statement nonetheless stood up and saluted when asked to prove itself out. . . . Sneaking up here and there is dark red fingernail lacquer again—and by here and there, we mean this sort of thing: all nails painted with a thin wash of pale gold except for the fourth finger—which wears dark-red enamel (see right). Or, to cite another here-and-there, attend the interest shown in dark-red lacquer by a small band of young chicerinos. At the moment, for a woman who might have worn ruby nails in the 'forties, red nail lacquer is still a touchy business however; there's always the implication that she's hung onto her heyday by the fingertips—that she never stopped wearing the makeup kicks of her débutante days. . . .

Even so, once it's rolling, a beauty sneaker like red nail enamel can broaden its reach eventually. Don't forget the all-time example of a beauty idea that began with one age group and quickly jumped its track to another: the so-called "young" makeup that revolutionized faces around the world a decade ago when the pale mouth and torchy-eyed maquillage hit the scene. First devised especially for the face of a frankly mature actress, this dramatically natural makeup was quickly borrowed by the really young——and it's been their makeup ever since, including now. . . . There's a change coming in eye makeup for day. Still the most important accessory to successful photography, studiously drawn eyes are what the photographed beauties wear; and they'd be silly not to. But eyes that don't spend their days before cameras are going back to the drawing board; eyes are cleaning up. Shadows are made less haunting; even eyeliner works a little differently—it's lash-coloured and painted so closely to the roots of the lashes that it fits them almost like dye. . . . Other sneakins: the liking for darker hair, highlighted. . . . The dislike for dark suntans. . . . The passion for mineral waters ordered by the caseful. Several New York City households have sought and found old-fashioned water coolers—the kind that go glug—to keep their special "vintage" waters on easy tap. . . . More beauty spas are opening (see Beauty Checkout this issue). . . . A new kind of nutrition interest is shaping up. . . . Sneaking up on people: the idea that most beauty problems are fixable—and the fixing begins with confidence, knowledge, new explorations; awareness of what's sneaking in.



GENE LAURENTS

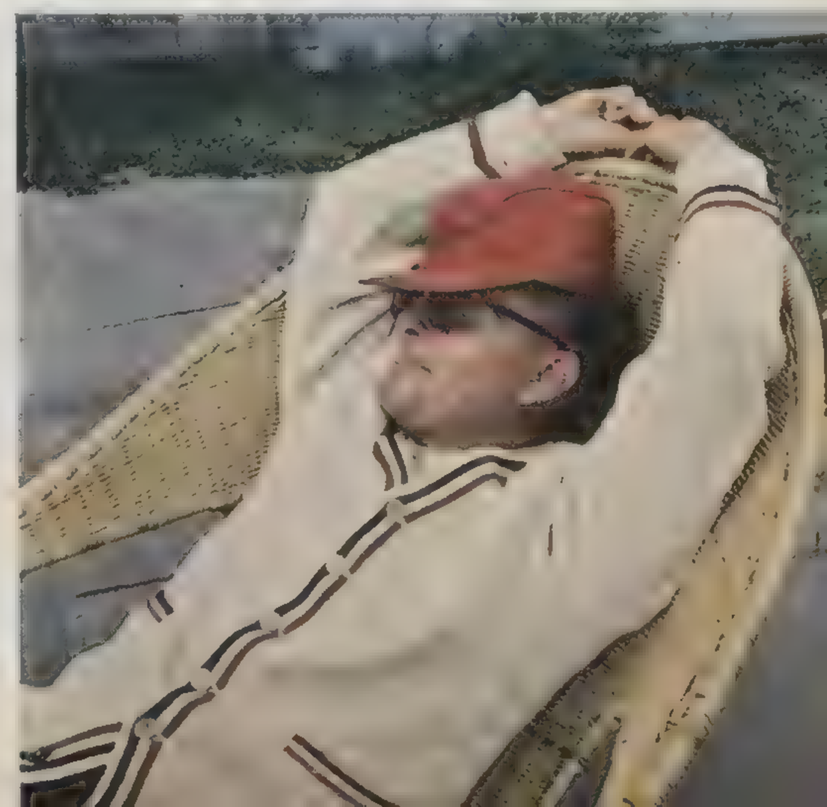
COMING IN ON THE SNEAK: A NEW ERA OF BEAUTY INDIVIDUALITY

These are some tokens of it: a perfume flacon unlike any other
in the world; a way of painting fingernails
that's pure expressionism. . . . The flacon, a 20-carat emerald
hollowed out to hold a few drops of scent,
was commissioned by Napoleon from the jeweller Marcel Réné
to tell Josephine—via the enamelled dove used as a finial—
that all was peaceful at home and abroad.
Now owned and cherished by Evyan, this flacon is a part
of Miss Evyan's extraordinary collection of scent bottles.
Needless to say, it has at various times held
White Shoulders . . . Golden Shadows . . . Most Precious
. . . all the classic modern Evyan fragrances. . . .
Fingernails: all gold-washed except for the
fourth on each hand; these, painted darkest red. . . .


OBSERVA
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BE HEARD
WITHOUT
PREJUDICE

TRUMAN CAPOTE AND THE COUNTRY STUDIO HE DESIGNED FOR WORK

When Truman Capote, a resilient, gregarious man with a roaming, compassionate mind, leaves his extraordinarily worldly life, he has three ivory towers, his house in Brooklyn, his apartment in Verbier, Switzerland, and now his beach studio on Long Island. He designed that studio for work. There he finished the galleys of his new book, *In Cold Blood*, the brilliant, true story of the murder of a Kansas family. If he is not working, he likes the rich soft life, cruising the Mediterranean on a great yacht, visiting the famous houses of friends, dancing, playing, talking. One of the best conversationalists, he never mixes play and work. No nipping upstairs to write for an hour or so. At his beach house, he works for concentrated hours in a narrow, monastic office with only a table and a typewriter. Nothing distracts him. When he comes out, he takes pleasure in his plain, grey-brown wooden house, set down a few hundred yards from the ocean on a strip of moor between wheat and potato fields. The house, very like its owner, is straightforward American, amusing, polished, with good proportions and an attractive shake of Capote charm; interesting because it is his. *Opposite:* Capote in the living room, partly double-storeyed. At his feet, an Andy Warhol portrait of Capote, painted ten years ago. *Above:* The spiral staircase to the gallery. *Right:* Capote in one of his collection of hats.



HORST



TRUMAN CAPOTE'S COUNTRY STUDIO

Bright, shining colours are the mark of Truman Capote's studio with its sophisticated farmhouse qualities. It fits Capote: witty, complicatedly simple, with extravagant gestures. After he bought the house, he had it stripped down to a shell, then converted it to his needs: a lot of colour, the look of raw woods, comfort, a good kitchen, and no guest rooms. (When a friend came for lunch, he found Capote marinating cucumbers.) It is so solitary —the beach stretches four miles on either side of the house—that on the Fourth of July he saw only three people walking along.

Above: A lion-skin rug, given to Capote by Winston F. C. Guest who shot the lion, lies in the upstairs living room off the gallery. The extravagance: two living rooms for one man.

Right, from top to bottom: In the downstairs living room, a corner with a Tiffany glass lamp and part of a collection of French glass paperweights. On the small dining room table (rarely any guests) a plate of tomatoes, lemons, and limes. Against wallpaper patterned like Portuguese tiles hangs one of a pair of French nineteenth-century mirrors, formed like a butterfly. In the master bedroom, the brass bed has a cover of woolwork, designed by Truman Capote, of yellow roses on a white background. (He found a rose in an old hat, had the rose copied for the pattern.)

Far right: Capote in his Jaguar XKE, painted a *very* dark green, the green, in fact, of Chinese holly. He is wearing his "disappearing hat," a camouflage in green and white, with the front turned down, the back turned up.

HORST







As I entered the Fifth Avenue penthouse, three small poodles came barking towards me. They were hushed and quieted by a slender woman with long red hair, wide eyes, a beautifully boned face, no makeup; she was dressed in a pink muu-muu—Joan Crawford at home. She took me through her vast, sunny apartment, and I had a glimpse here into a wardrobe filled with hundreds of dresses, there into a hothouseful of flowers—Joan Crawford's hats. In the spare, spotless kitchen, I looked into stainless-steel refrigerators, filled with bowls of cole slaw and marinated kidney beans, with casseroles of pork chops for that evening's dinner, boiled beef for the following day. "Last night was my night to cook," Joan Crawford said. "I do it all myself. It's fun and it's great therapeutics. I haven't had a cook in eleven years."

We went into the drawing room where greenish yellows are played with yellowish greens and the white poodles, like chameleons, disappeared into a thick, white woollen carpet. Joan Crawford brought a tray with a bottle of Dom Pérignon, poured it into icy metal goblets. "I drink a little champagne every night while I watch television," she said. "It makes me sleepy. I never go anywhere without these tumblers." With the champagne she brought the most delicate *truite en gelée* I had ever tasted, served with a sauce of sour cream, fresh horseradish, and lemon. "So simple," she said. "The trout comes from Wynne & Treanor. They have the greatest fish and caviar and cheese in town. I put the smoked trout in a dish, pour a can of *gelée de viande au Madère* over the fish. Into the refrigerator for forty-five minutes. That's it. . . . I adore fish. Very often I serve poached salmon, cold, in the same jelly, with a mustard mayonnaise."

I asked her where she had learned about food. "I worked my way through school waiting on tables and helping in the kitchen. Then, quite early in my life, I went to California where I became rather successful. Before I married Douglas Fairbanks, junior, I would go with him to Pickfair—that was the famous house of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. I was exposed to beautiful menus and the beautiful execution of menus. I didn't know what knife and fork to use half of the time, but I learned fast. By asking questions. I remember one evening, at a dinner party, I said, 'What does this word mean?' and Irving Berlin, who was sitting next to me, said, 'You are the only person I know, except me, who's not ashamed to admit they haven't had an education.' I've adored him ever since for that. Anyhow, that's how I've learned about everything, including food."

The food Joan Crawford likes and cooks best is simple, straightforward American. Pork chops baked with red onions and apples, boiled beef, meat loaf, potato salad, broiled chicken. . . . "Chicken swimming in butter," she said, "for one broiler one pound of butter." "Surely you mean one stick," I said. "Don't be silly," she said. "I use two sticks on each half of a broiler."

"What do you hate?" I asked her. "Things I have learned are bad for me or my figure," she said. "I have three Japanese girls who make all my clothes in California; they (Continued on next page)

JOAN CRAWFORD

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of Joan Crawford is movies—the Hollywood kind that spins great stars and is spun of them. "From her too-high heels to her too-frizzy hair she was all wrong," a reporter wrote of Crawford many years ago, "yet she stood out as though the light was too bright for anyone but her." Lighting up rooms and screens, Joan Crawford matched dazzle with wits, keeping her star quality alive by always moving on. "The best example of the flapper," F. Scott Fitzgerald called her in the twenties, "dancing deliciously, laughing a great deal." In the thirties she became the phosphorescent glamour girl, with the outsize eyes, the outsize shoulder pads, and the big leading men, showing her acting talons, however, in a film with no men at all, The Women. *She won an Academy Award in 1946 for her dark and powerful performance as* Mildred Pierce, *and a pile of smash reviews as the cripple in the 1962* Whatever Happened to Baby Jane? *Now equally known in business (she travels all over the world as a director of Pepsi-Cola, the company of which her late husband, Alfred Steele, was president), Joan Crawford was photographed,* left, *in her high Fifth Avenue duplex which seems built of light, space, California colours. . . . "Beverly Hills in the New York sky, that's what I wanted," she said. Here she cooks, plays with her poodles, sees her four children, arranges for films and tours. "I like my life and I owe it to one quality—determination," said Joan Crawford, a striking woman with an agreeably rich way of living and plain way of looking at things.*

BRUCE DAVIDSON

have my form there. I send them fabrics and sketches. If I fluctuate an inch, I can't get into my clothes. . . . I have had such discipline all my life. It's my job. When I'm making a picture, I leave the house at five o'clock in the morning. I have a piece of fruit. My favorite thing in the world is ugli fruit. Do you know it? Like a green overgrown tangerine with thick, bulgy skin, inside something halfway between an orange and grapefruit, only sweet as a peach. And juicy. You have to eat them leaning over a sink . . . then at 6:30, in my dressing room, I have two eggs and a sausage and, around 9:30, another piece of sausage. A little something every few hours. In *Baby Jane,* when I was supposed to be nibbling chocolates out of a box, I made myself some small meatballs. . . .

"Yes, I like the morning. I always did my husband's breakfast. I think it is important to be together in the morning with no one around. He especially liked eggs cooked in cream. You do this in fireproof porcelain dishes on top of the stove; put in butter and heavy cream, drop the eggs in with pepper and salt and baste them with the sauce while they cook. . . . Somehow," she said, "since my husband died, I don't have a private life anymore. It's rather sad, but I wouldn't know what to do if I had a date. Look glamorous, yes, but to relax without talking business—I wonder if I would know how to do it."

We talked for a moment about Joan Crawford's work as a director of Pepsi-Cola, the company of which her husband, Alfred Steele, was president. I had been told Joan Crawford is as famous today for her business ability as for her acting, and I asked her if she had invented any dish incorporating Pepsi-Cola. "No," she said, and then, looking amused, added, "well there was this *one.* . . . I had guests one evening who asked for Martinis and though I had plenty of gin, I was out of vermouth. So in its place I used a spoonful of Pepsi. My friends pronounced the Martinis superb."

Here, five recipes from Joan Crawford:

Pork Chops with Red Onions and Apple Rings for four to six

6 loin pork chops, one inch thick
¼ pound margarine or butter
2 large Italian red onions, sliced
1 cup flour
Lawry's Seasoned Salt

Salt chops on both sides. Dip lightly in flour. Place chops in ¼ pound melted butter or margarine in skillet. Add sliced onions and cook till golden. When onions are cooked, place on top of chops. Brown chops on one side, then turn, replacing onions on the top side. Place chops in skillet in preheated 250° oven. Cover. Cook 15 minutes. Then reduce oven heat to 200° and bake for an additional 25 minutes. Top each chop with 2 fried apple rings.

Fried Apple Rings

4 green apples
¼ pound margarine or butter
Lemon juice
Cinnamon
Nutmeg
Brown sugar

Core and slice apples into thick rings, but do not peel. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Heat margarine or butter in skillet. Fry apples first on one side, then the other, until brown but not mushy. This is a matter of a very few minutes. While frying, sprinkle top sides of apples with cinnamon, nutmeg, and brown sugar to taste. Keep warm until all are done.

Boiled Beef

6 large pieces of flank beef
2 dozen white boiling onions, peeled
2 bunches of celery
2 bunches of carrots, peeled
4 parsnips, peeled
Lawry's Seasoned Salt
Kosher salt
Black pepper

Cover one side of beef with Lawry's Seasoned Salt and marinate for ½ hour. Turn beef on other side, cover with Lawry's Seasoned Salt, marinate for ½ hour. Put beef in heavy stew pot and cover with water. Put on slow fire. Bring to a boil. Skim. Boil for 1½ hours. Add 3 cups of water, and onions, celery, carrots, parsnips, not cut up. Season with kosher salt and black pepper, to taste. Boil for ½ hour.

Serve in hot soup plates, with additional coarse salt and sauce of sour cream, horseradish, and lemon.

Kidney Bean Salad

2 cans kidney beans
1 large purple onion, chopped finely
2 large green peppers, chopped finely
1 heart celery, chopped finely
4 small hot red peppers, chopped finely
1 cup cider vinegar
Tabasco to taste
Kosher salt and black pepper

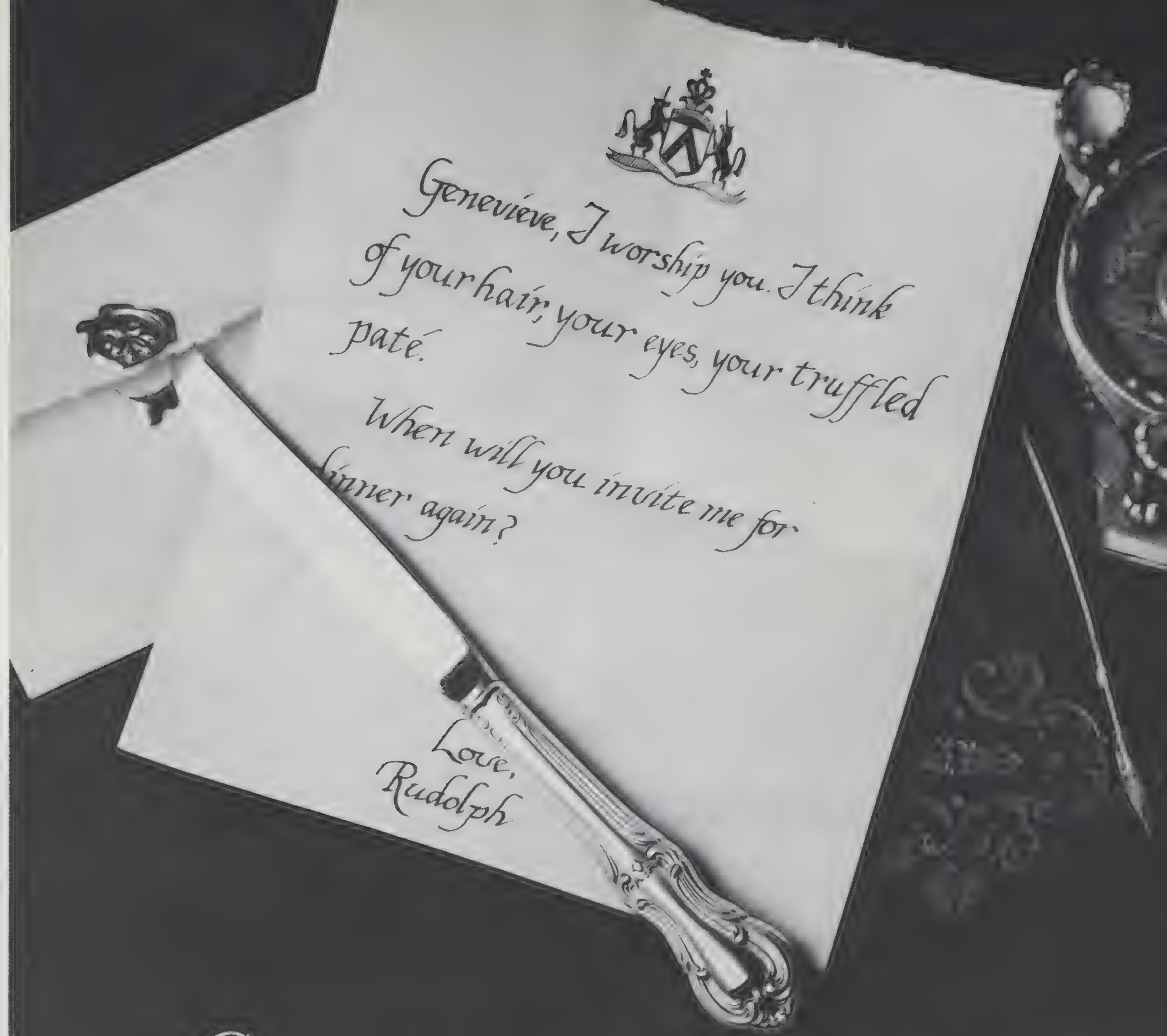
Do not drain the beans; pour them in a bowl with the finely chopped vegetables. (Discard the seeds from the large green peppers, but not from the hot red peppers.) Add the seasoning, mix well and let stand at least 8 hours in the refrigerator before serving.

This is served with hot meat loaf, broilers, or baked ham.

Spinach Salad for four to six

6 cups fresh, young spinach leaves
1 pound bacon
1 cup cider vinegar
Salt and freshly ground pepper

Wash the spinach and place in the refrigerator until crisp. Do not cut leaves. Fry the bacon; drain on stove on paper towels. Save a thin layer of grease in skillet, add 1 cup cider vinegar, warm a second, then pour, hot, on the spinach; season. Break the bacon in small bits and sprinkle on top of the salad. Serve while warm. This can also be made with shredded lettuce or, as in France, with young, tender dandelion greens.



Genevieve's little dinners (very little, just for two) were the rage of Paris. Genevieve's hair was as pale as her champagne. Genevieve's eyes were as black as her truffles. Genevieve's sterling was Joan of Arc.

No one could imagine eating that rich paté with any other solid silver. The pattern was as lavish as the meal itself.

Genevieve knew that the quickest way to l'amour is through l'estomac. So will you, even if your eyes are only hamburger-brown.

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY



Mary had a little lambsdown

Mary had a little lambsdown puffer. As a matter of fact, she had two of them. One came in a snappy tortoise compact as the accomplice of a fascinating new formula in makeup-powder (see set-up, as captured by our photographer, above). What swept Mary away about Sweeping Beauty, Revlon's new makeup baby, is the way it has managed to wrap up powder, foundation, and emollients into one whisper-textured, pressed-powder recipe that might be all things to many women, particularly the woman who hankers after taking care of foundation and de-glossing in one fell swoop, no blending called for. The swooper here is half the fun. The long lambsdown applicator, shaped like a miniature hand mirror, won't let a particle of Sweeping Beauty go to waste on way to face. Eight powder shades include a no-shade translucent. . . . Mary's other little lambsdown is smaller but just as effective. A tapered brush, it arrived in a second new Revlon compact, this one harbouring Frosted Brush-On Shadow, a shimmering pressed-powder eye colour that lambsdown transfers magnificently to the top of eye. Mary's face picked up brilliance with the various frosty eye-ornamenters: lavender, brown, smoke, et cetera. And Mary said: "Lambsdown, hands down."

On doing something about the weather

Take two go-go sisters, one of whom lives in Manhattan, and the other of whom, for reasons of her husband, spends much of her time in Salt Lake City. Having skins and psyches of similar inclination, they use the same creams and cosmetics, identical products it would appear from the names and looks

of the jars, bottles, lipstick cases. It would *appear;* but not so is the case. New York sister's dressing table is occupied by goodies formulated for the vicissitudes of that city, whereas Salt Lake sister's bag of beauty tricks is brewed to order for the craggy ambiance of Utah. To thicken the plot, the sisters travel madly and, depending on their destination, they are apt to pack two other sets of the same maker's wares of even different construction. . . . What they've latched onto is an exciting cosmetics group that has gone all out to come to grips with geography. High humidity, low humidity, softness or hardness of water, many medical men hold, are four basic factors that tell tales on the state of the skin. With that in mind, Clima-Soleil produces its new line of beautymakers —cleansers through foundations through face powder and a perfume oil—in at least two and up to four separate versions of each item. If you live in New York or most of the East Coast, you look for these code words on the package: High Humidity/Soft Water. Whereas the clue for Chicago would be High Humidity/Hard Water; for Salt Lake City, Low Humidity/Hard Water. . . . These excellent confections are, most of them, done up in plastic, will travel. . . . Indeed, there is a rumour that they will shortly be sailing forth en masse for sale in the shops of Spain (Low Humidity/Soft Water). Olé, Clima-Soleil.

How to be beautiful, although sleeping

As trying as we often find it to be ravishing every single waking hour, there is one company hell-bent on keeping us that way right through the night. Keeping us ready for any nocturnal emergency, the neighbour who calls at two to borrow a cup of vermouth, the college visitor who returns at three and without key. Ready to jump out of bed in the morning looking immorally prepossessing. . . . That company is Fabergé, and harken to what they're up to. They started their shenanigans with bedtime perfume. This subject we've delved into before, when bedtime perfume was confined to the Tigress fragrance, but now it's branched out into the Aphrodisia, Woodhue, and Flambeau flavours. What makes a bedtime perfume, Fabergé tells us, is dilution by neither oil nor alcohol, just pure essence, three drops of which, applied before retiring, are enough to keep you scented until the morning papers arrive. . . . Then they contrived a bedtime lipstick, a pale orange stick planned to give the mouth a wholesome moisturizing treatment and then, all visible aspects wiped away, to leave an intensified and luminous natural colour. . . . Not content with these accomplishments, Fabergé has devised some bedtime fake eyelashes; Bedtime FlutterLashes they call them. What makes these especially appealing to the sandman, we are advised, is that they are a little shorter, thicker, curlier than Fabergé's daytime FlutterLashes. Handmade of natural hair, they want no liner or mascara, are packaged with a waterproof affixing cream. No matter how Fabergé (with its night-people complex) wants to describe them, once having donned them for sleeping, you might just not take them off after breakfast.

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GIVE & TAKE



Doctor Love

(Continued from page 183)

the bullet—was precisely the same?

"Now this side of the business is also coming up-to-date—and rapidly. When De Gaulle visited Ste-Hermine in Vendée province in France this spring, for example, O.A.S. extremists planned to murder him from a distance. The killer would be a hundred yards away with a tiny gadget in his pocket like the one I've got here. Nothing to link him with the killing at all.

"It's a midget transmitter that could explode by radio a bomb hidden inside an ornamental vase near the General. Luckily, someone talked, so the plan never went into action.

"But it set the scientific wallahs thinking, and they've worked out some ingenious variations on the theme.

"Anyhow, have this set for free. You could adapt it to open your garage doors from a distance if you wanted—it can be tuned to any VHF wave band.

"Where are you off to? France and Holland? Well, we'll set it to the Dutch police wavelength—I don't know the French frequency; it's just been changed."

MacGillivray turned a tiny screwhead in the base with the point of a nail file.

"There. That should bring a policeman along in double time if you break down in that old Cord of yours. It'll send out a constant signal on their emergency wave band until you switch it off. So."

"Anything happening in your line in Holland?" Love asked dutifully, as he slipped the lighter-radio into his pocket.

MacGillivray shrugged evasively.

"Not much, but there's been a bit of commotion elsewhere, although it's more Interpol stuff than ours.

"Fellow got away with fifty thousand pounds worth of diamonds in Cannes last week. Week before that, roughly the same amount of sparklers went in Rome. Week before that, Athens.

"Each time, the women who'd lost the stuff were dining out. Expect their husbands will have a job charging *that* up to expenses. . . ."

Expenses. The word was a helm to turn Love's thoughts back to the present. The bill; he should ask for it soon. As he glanced around for a waiter, the band played a fanfare, all horns, dessert music. A compere wearing a nightclub tan, a white tuxedo, held up both hands for silence.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, first in English, then in French and in Dutch. "we proudly present to you, for this evening only, the greatest illusionist in Europe. He leaves Amsterdam tonight on a tour of the United States.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I give you—Turkoman."

A roll of drums as he gave them Turkoman. The name seemed faintly familiar; then Love remembered. He had seen him billed during the previous week at one of the open-air clubs on the coast road between Nice and Cannes.

A thickly built man with hair black as a raven's wing, a flat Slavonic face, stepped through the French doors on to the terrace. A spotlight flickered from the roof and held him. Turkoman raised both hands above his head. From the left sleeve of his dinner jacket he pulled first one pigeon, then a second, a third. They spread soft white wings and were gone.

A waiter hovered near Love's table, an attendant spirit on the edge of darkness. Love ordered two more Bacardi and limes and the bill, the *doloroso*. The horns blew another cord.

"Now, a volunteer," called Turkoman. "You, sir? No, not *you*, sir. The gentleman behind you."

A thick-necked Dutchman came forward reluctantly, tugging down the sides of his jacket. Turkoman shook his hand, and then, half turning to the audience, produced the Dutch flag

(Continued on page 220)



There are two Vogues in November.

Coming next:

Fashions Men Adore

in November 15 Vogue

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

What's new in the lemon-aids?

One wondrous beauty ambitiously thrashes through this bathing routine. Starts by slicing up ten lemons and tossing the lot into a pitcher of lukewarm water. There they soak for four hours. Then she carefully removes the lemon slices and pours what's left in the vessel into a hot bath. There she soaks for half hour. . . . Interesting as her recipe is, we feel it's pursued more efficiently, and certainly with less disturbance, by the many women and men in the world who go by the rules of the notoriously moving bathing system of Jean Naté, a system based upon the same good, clean, lemony techniques. . . . They will be enthralled to learn that now a deodorant of the same lemon-aid bent has joined the Naté family. In addition to its distinctively brisk aroma, the deodorant is a spray—and a spray quite proud of the fact that it dries on contact, no dribble. . . . It joins, in the Naté family, the most famous member of all—Friction pour le Bain, the after-bath lotion; soap; bath powder; hand lotion; bath crystals; bath bubbles, et cet. (May be of interest, and of some significance, to the Naté clique that, since she is a woman, the Jean in Naté is pronounced not Jean as in Jean-Paul Belmondo but Jean as in genius.)

Tell-tale hands: up

Her face looked splendid, but her *hands*. They had some little brown spots. They were creased with displeasure at the years they had been around. They were dry and remiss in their comforting aspects. They gave away her age eerily. . . . So she took steps. Orlane steps. Milk for the Hands, which is called on the rose-corsaged tube, Lait Pour Les Mains, proper French-fashion. A greaseless cream that Orlane has taken the trouble to transport here from Paris, Lait Pour Les Mains contains a slight bleaching ingredient which means that, used again and again, Lait should tend to wipe out some of the blemishes, to keep the hands and arms (and legs, for that matter) trying to look as young as springtime. Orlane's hand cream is just one in a number of helpful items—skin treatment, nail enamel, foundation, powder—that are jetting here from France. Five of them—face improvers plus hand-age erasers—are bundled up in a slick little white case called the Beauty Coffret, the better to introduce us to the multifarious charms of Orlane.

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TWILIGHT SENTINEL BY GUIDE

Guide Lamp ⬡ Division General Motors Corporation Anderson, Indiana

Doctor Love

(Continued from page 218)

from the Dutchman's pocket, a Gramophone record from inside his jacket, a pack of cards from behind his right ear. Applause came up in a roar.

The Dutchman stood sweating in the light, slightly fuddled with wine. He turned to reach the safe anonymity of his table.

"Just one moment, sir," Turkoman called after him. "Your wallet . . . your watch . . . and your driving license."

The Dutchman patted his pockets, bemused. How the devil did the fellow do it? More clapping as Turkoman handed these belongings back to him.

"One last thing," he said. "A letter."

The square of envelope gleamed in the spotlight. The Dutchman grabbed it thankfully and retreated to the merciful darkness.

Turkoman invited more people out to join him: a bald Frenchman wearing a blue mohair suit, an English honeymoon couple, a German woman with her hair in a tight bun.

"Wish he'd choose me," said Angela suddenly.

"Well, stand up. He's almost bound to if he sees you."

"You think so?" She pushed back her chair tentatively.

Turkoman's sharp eyes saw the movement beyond the rim of the spotlight.

"Voilà!" he cried, and waved a greeting to her.

"You are American, yes?"

"Yes. From Santa Barbara."

"Well, because you are you, and because I'm also flying to America tonight—I open in New York on Monday—here is a small present. Sweets for the sweet."

He shook her hand; somehow a huge, circular box of chocolates materialized. From Angela's sleeve he pulled a long red ribbon, wound it round and round the box, tied a big bow, handed the box of chocolates to her. The applause came up again.

Angela was halfway back to Love's table when a shout of anger came from across the terrace.

"That letter—it's gone. I've only got the envelope."

Turkoman's first guest was standing up, his face red with annoyance, confusion.

The manager emerged from the gloom, washing his hands without water, ready with his instant appeasement kit of soft words, a look of concern.

"Perhaps you dropped it, sir? We all saw you receive it back."

Heads nodded: yes, they had all seen that clearly. The Dutchman sat down, baffled, scratching his head. Maybe it had fallen out of the envelope on the way to the men's room? Hell, if only he hadn't drunk so much. He began to search through his other pockets.

Turkoman bowed to a last roar of applause and then walked off the terrace. The band struck up a letkiss; couples straggled back to the dance floor.

Angela said regretfully, "Guess we'll have to go soon, Doctor. It's certainly been a beautiful evening. But I wish these Dutch cooks used a bit more garlic."

"Me, too. France spoils you for plain fare. Well, I'll settle up. It won't take an hour to reach Schiphol in the Cord."

"Cord? Are you by any chance the owner of that lovely roadster parked out under the pines?"

Turkoman had come from the side of the château; he was at a table near them, smiling, a glass in his hand.

"The same," Love allowed.

"Haven't seen one in years," Turkoman went on. "Could I possibly cadge a ride in it to the airport—if you're taking the young lady?"

"Surely," said Love. "You're only doing a short season here?"

"Yes, six nights."

"You were in the south of France last week," said Love, batting back the conversation. "I saw your name on a poster."

"Ah, yes. And before that I was in Rome."

He seemed pleased to be so international.

The band started again: "Auld Lang Syne." But even old acquaintance would be forgot eventually; everything was.

Turkoman said. "I'll collect my overnight bag—my main kit's gone ahead already. Be right with you both."

He finished his drink, walked rapidly towards the château. Love signalled to the waiter. Who was the man who said he had lost a letter? The waiter whispered his identity; a five-guilder piece reflected the moon.

Love guided Angela towards the car. Holland this week. France last and Rome before that. A wheel began to turn in Love's mind; a name on a poster, a stay in two cities.

Love held the box of chocolates as Angela climbed into the Cord. He slipped off the ribbon, opened the box, offered it to her. On impulse, he untied the bow in the ribbon. Inside a knot beneath it was a piece of paper, folded over several times. He slipped it into his pocket.

"Quite finished?" asked Angela. "What's that, anyway—a lucky message?"

"We'll both know soon. Now, here's our companion. Wait till I raise the subject. O.K.?"

"O.K." He squeezed her hand.

Turkoman climbed in beside Angela, shut the door. Love turned the ignition key against the Startix; the eight-cylinder Lycoming engine rumbled into life. On the main road, the wind combed their hair close to their heads. The air felt fresh and damp; no place in Holland was far from the sea. When Love saw the signpost: Amsterdam 40 km., he turned to Turkoman.

"Tell me," he said easily, "What did you do with that man's letter?"

"What do you mean?" asked Turkoman, surprised.

In the green glow of the dash lights Love saw Turkoman's eyes narrow. A shadow touched his face and was gone; perhaps it was only the shadow of a tree against the moon?

"You know exactly what I mean. And you think it's still in the ribbon. But it's not. It's here."

As he spoke, he took the paper from his pocket, unfolded it. Glittering splinters cascaded on to Angela's lap, each bright as the eyes of a woman in love.

"Diamonds," she breathed in amazement. "But, Doctor?"

"Give me those," said Turkoman roughly. He grabbed the stones.

"What interests me," said Love, "is how you've gotten away with it so easily so far."

Turkoman turned slightly in his seat. The dash lights glowed on the blued barrel of a .25 Star Starlet auto-loading pistol that had grown in his left hand, an extension of his arm.

"I don't give a damn what interests you, or the girl," he said sharply. "Keep both hands on the wheel. I'm getting out. I'll tell you when to stop."

Angela looked from one man to the other, but neither looked at her.

Love shrugged as though conceding defeat. He leaned gently against the arm rest of his door, felt the click of the tiny switch on MacGillivray's gadget.

Ahead, the road forked; a sign glowed luminously in their headlights. Love swung to the right down a side turning surfaced with red bricks.

"Why?" asked Turkoman suspiciously.

"Shortcut."

They fled across metal bridges, above canals, through shuttered villages, out on the long, raised road again, between fields where tulips slept, petals folded together like children's hands in prayer.

And then, far ahead, Love saw a faint blue light winking, and settled more easily into his seat. Two hundred yards; one hundred; fifty; the blue bulb flickered on the roof of a white Volkswagen police car.

"Looks like an accident," he said casually. The car had stopped halfway over the road, blocking it.

(Continued on page 222)



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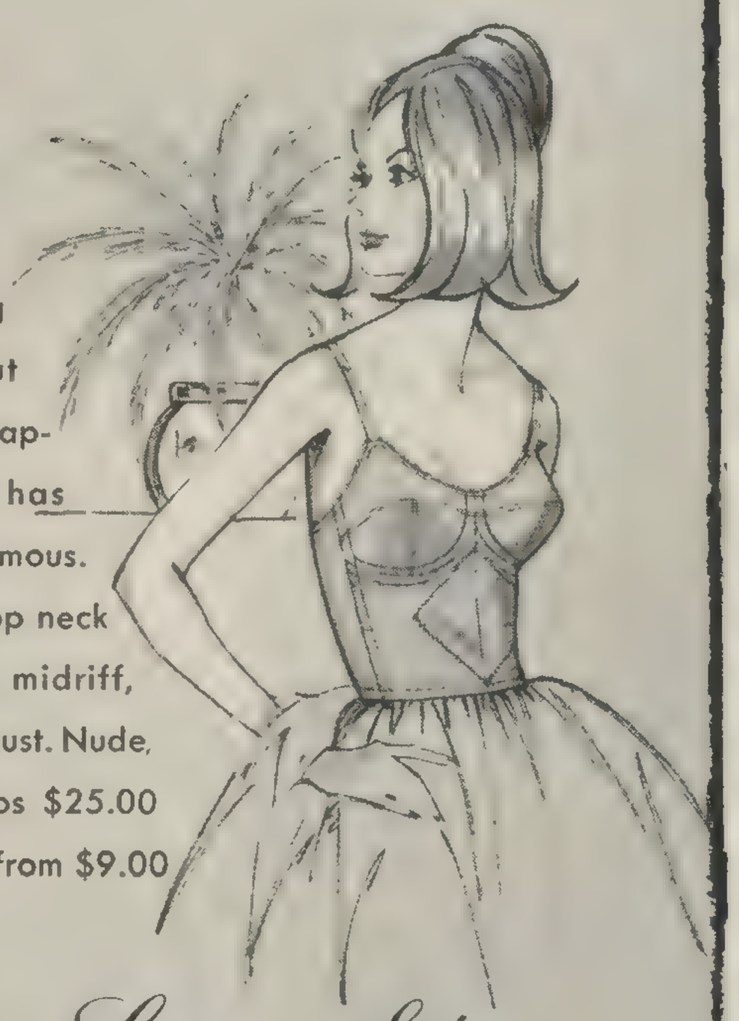
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Doctor Love

(Continued from page 221)

Turkoman leaned across Angela, dug the snout of the pistol against Love's stomach.

"Get through as quickly as you can," he said urgently. "And no tricks."

"But I'm a doctor," protested Love. "Maybe I can help."

As he spoke, he trod the brake pedal savagely into the floor. The huge car slued from side to side, tires smoking on the rough brick surface.

Instinctively, Angela ducked. The movement deflected Turkoman's arm. Love, flicking his left hand out across her bent back, caught Turkoman's throat with the edge of his palm. He dropped the gun, sagged forward dizzily, gasping for breath. The Cord stopped.

Love heard the frenzied crackle of static on the police car radio, one call sign repeated and repeated. He switched off MacGillivray's gadget. The chattering died. Policemen in blue overcoats, with strange hats, black belts, filled the silence.

"Diamonds," Love said to the lieutenant. "You'll find them in his pocket. Loose."

"Yes?"

A sergeant scooped them from Turkoman's jacket, said something to the lieutenant. Two policemen opened the door, pulled Turkoman out, led him to a blue police van parked off the road. He did not look back.

Love lifted the box of chocolates from Angela's lap, opened it, prodded at the array of soft centres. But they only contained soft centres, nothing else. Hell, was he completely wrong? Then he took the lid, ripped off the padded, maroon silk, the soft quilting underneath. Stuck to the cardboard were three pieces of sticking plaster. He lifted one. For the second time that night, diamonds glittered in the car.

"Who are you, and how is it that you are apparently able to send out a radio signal on our police wavelength?" the officer asked curiously, watching him.

"Later," replied Love. "Before I start that, I think you'll find that these are the diamonds stolen in Cannes and Rome and Athens."

"We'll check them with their descriptions back at the station. In the meantime, we'll need a statement."

"By all means. Ride with me to the airport. This young lady has a plane to catch."

He started the Cord, drove back towards the main road. The night was very still; the moon had put on a halo of cloud, even the stars were dark.

"I'm a doctor," Love told the lieutenant. "And thus little things are often important things. I heard there had been three robberies in three different places, and I'd seen Turkoman's name on a poster in one of them. He told me he'd been to one of the others. So two bits of a jigsaw fitted.

"When I found out from a waiter that the man whom Turkoman asked to help out with his act tonight was senior partner in one of Amsterdam's biggest diamond firms, the third dropped into place.

"These diamond men carry stones worth a fortune wrapped up in a twist of paper. Turkoman could easily remove this from the envelope—as easily as taking a diamond ring or even a necklace from a woman.

"He'd concealed the stones he'd stolen elsewhere in the chocolate-box lid, but he hadn't time for this tonight, so he tied them up in the ribbon and wound that around the box.

"He'd guessed he'd be searched at Schiphol airport pretty thoroughly—that diamond dealer would almost certainly tell the police or Customs what had happened. So Turkoman needed a carrier—someone whose luggage wouldn't be suspected at all. And who better than one of a party of American college girls, carrying a box of chocolates and lots of happy memories about the Zuider Zee?

"As soon as she reached New York and was through the Customs, he'd get them back. Q.E.D."

"Ah, yes. No doubt. And your name and address here in Holland, please?"

"Dr. Jason Love. The Am-

(Continued on page 223)

Mark Tobey

(Continued from page 202)

a fruitful equilibrium. Tobey enjoys the spectacle of others' activity, but he also enjoys the absolute stillness and silence that certain works of art can provide. "The Japanese understand that," he said. "When Bernard Leach shows one of his pots there, two million people come to look at it. And then, after two or three weeks or so, they turn it around and the same two million people come back to see what the other side looks like. But here in the West it's different. If you're not the President of the United States or terribly rich, you can have all the honours you like and you still don't count."

There isn't much in the way of contemplation of pots in Tobey's house in Basel. "I'm a natural Bohemian. The place gets untidy in two minutes, and the studio—well, it's like the destruction of Jerusalem." A certain companionable chaos does, in fact, distinguish the house: a pumpkin from the open-air market may sound a trumpet note of orange in the middle of the living room, where a calf-bound set of Ossian, in German. shares the shelf with a paper-backed run of Simenon.

When I first went there. the studio was understandably untidy, in that Tobey was busy on the enormous mural decoration which has since been installed in the Seattle Opera House. For the rapt spirituality of the work which made him famous is backed by an uncommonly brisk and incisive command of social observation. Tobey has a novelist's eye and ear for human idiosyncrasy: hidden in the big decoration for the Opera House, but too small to be picked out even with binoculars, are innumerable local jokes and references to Seattle figures, individual or generic, with whom Tobey had an account to settle. "They wouldn't know how to take it," he said, "so I guess it's a fifty-fifty affair."

And so it was that large forms devised to "tell" at twenty paces turned out, on close examination, to be made up of thousands and thousands of tiny details. Some of these were painted, in orthodox style, but most were executed in collage, and in collage to which everything imaginable contributed: letters, ads from newspapers and magazines in four languages, postcards, stamps, photographs, concert and theatre programs, paintings and monotypes by Tobey, torn up for the purpose. Such sheet music as "Dans Mon Coeur" ("as sung by Danielle Darrieux") found a resting-place there, as did a playbill for *Die Zauberflöte* and a cryptic notice

(Continued on page 226)

Doctor Love

(Continued from page 222)

stel Hotel, Amsterdam. Here's my passport if it's necessary."

"It won't be. If you could drop me at the nearest police station—I'll direct you—we'll telephone you at your hotel tomorrow for an official statement. I don't wish to delay you further since your friend has a plane to catch."

Love stopped the car outside a flat-roofed building. The lieutenant got out, saluted, went inside.

"It all sounds simple, the way you tell it," said Angela, when they were on their way again. "But what gave you the first hint?"

"What I call the fifty-ninth face."

"And what's that?"

"A cut diamond has fifty-eight sides or facets. The fifty-ninth face belongs to its owner. This shows pride of possession; sometimes alarm; usually acquisitiveness. I saw all three on Turkoman's face."

"Oh." Then softly: "I wonder what you saw in mine?"

Love told her.



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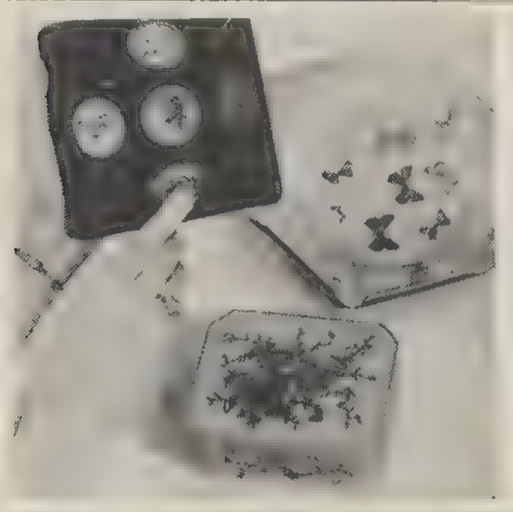
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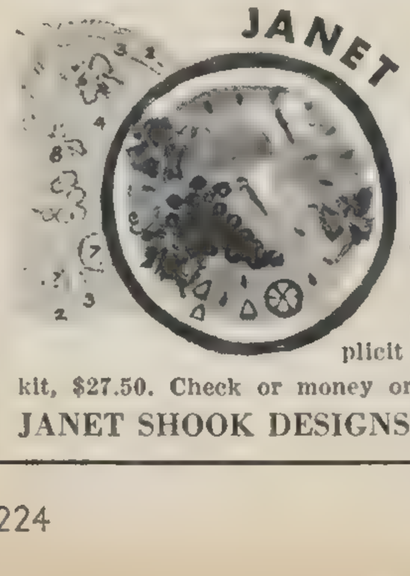
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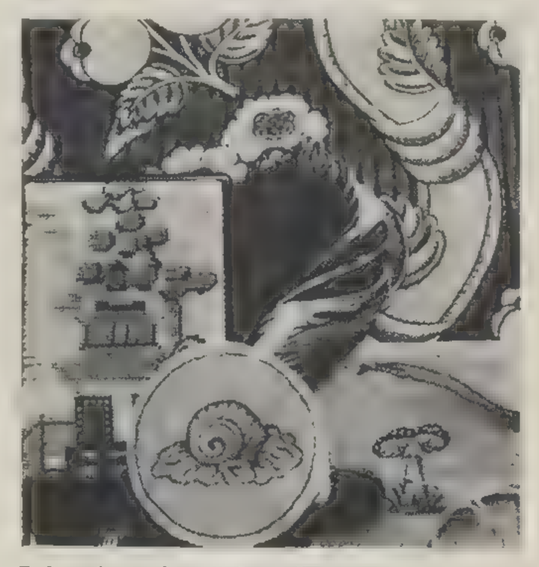
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Above: Contemporary needlework To Order . . . to Make. . . . The needlework rage rages on and from it will come an imaginative list of gifts. In Antigua last winter Mrs. Walter Kohler needlepointed gifts while entertaining friends on her Mill Reef beach . . . coasters which she designed. These were padded with layers of flannel and backed with felt . . . drip- and drop-proof. Two coaster designs are shown above. $7.50 each for canvas and yarn, Mazaltov, 753 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10022. Miss Peggy Scott Duff makes phone book covers or little cushions in field flower designs. A blue-and-white chinoiserie-covered leather address book is shown left . . . $29 for canvas, yarn and mounting. Woolworks, 783 Madison Ave.. N. Y. 10022. Also there, 18-k. gold needles in little suède cases. the needleworker's bibelot: $15. Fabrics shown in photographs, above, below, are French cottons. Brunschwig et Fils, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.10022.



Above: Porcelain Christmas Card . . . Tiffany now makes it possible to send a permanent Christmas message painted and fired on china. We like the idea of a message written in your own handwriting, for example the white Limoges "egg" box shown here with inscription in black on top, a red and black ladybug inside. $25. Another charming thought is to mark white Wedgwood demitasse cups with a personal insignia . . . here a red ladybug . . . $8 each. Or perhaps butter or tea plates, $5 each. They may become the start of a collection . . . unique and personal, to be added to each year. All these can be had at Tiffany, 727 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10022.



Above: A Royal Puppy . . . A Regal Chaise Throw . . . The Duke and Duchess of Windsor and Princess Grace of Monaco are among the current Pug Dog fanciers. First known in China during the Han Dynasty, the Pug became the national hero of Holland when he saved the life of William the Silent. William and Mary brought the Pug to England where the breed remained a royal favourite until the death of Queen Victoria. Among the many kennels breeding Pugs in the U.S.: Pugville, Bernardsville, N. J.; Collfield Kennels, 147 Collfield Ave., Staten Island, N. Y. Prices for puppies start at $125. For other names write American Kennel Club, 51 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 10022. With the Pug: the ultimate in chaise throws and cushions . . . A velvet throw, hand quilted in swag and tassel design, is feather-light, down-filled and scallop-edged. With a matching pillow it becomes an irresistible lure to relaxation. In 20 colours, the throw is $110; the pillow, $30. Both from Eleanor Beard, 446 Park Ave., N. Y. 10022.

SHOP HOUND

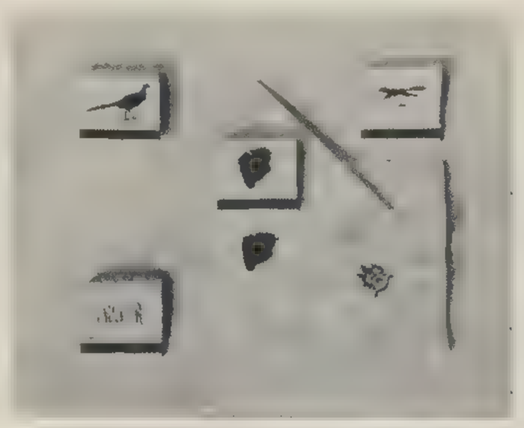


DAVID MASSEY

Above: An Image For The House Proud. . . . Commission a house portrait to live with, to have reproduced for letterheads, or postcards . . . a charming European idea taking hold here. Portraits Inc., at 136 East 57th St., N. Y. 10022, will recommend artists for house portraits, perhaps with family and pets, as in the lovely Thomas Franzioli painting photographed above left . . . $1,200 to $2,000 in oils. Cartier will design letterheads and postcards (see one above right) from photographs. For a favourite country hostess: send Cartier her route-map sketch to be printed on écru kid paper. Map prices start at $30 for 100. The gold pen shown wears a gold owl with emerald eyes. The owl, once a pin, has been attached to the pen, another Cartier custom idea. Pen, $48, pin $190. Desk blotter with 18-k. gold corners, $460. All this gold from Cartier, 653 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10022.



Above: Bath luxuries to order . . . A distinguished new look in washstands combining black slate with faux bamboo, of pewter-finished chromium, and a white porcelain bowl banded in silver lustre. There is room for towels and personal clutter. $870, to order from Sherle Wagner, 123 East 57th St., N. Y. 10022. The velvety white bath towel, Omega by Martex, of fine Supima cotton, is the most luxurious towel made. $8; appliqué markings to order, Saks Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 10022.



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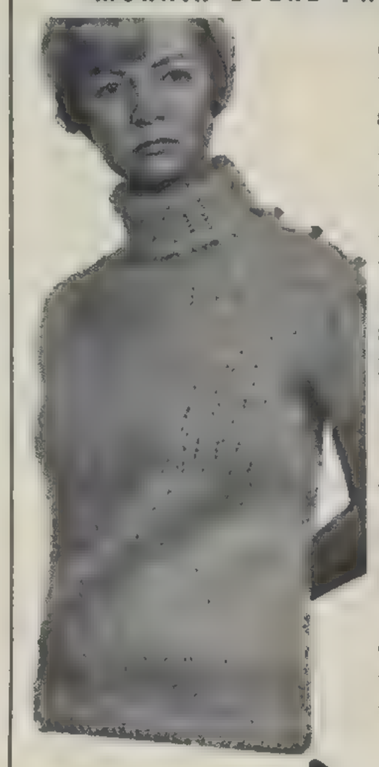
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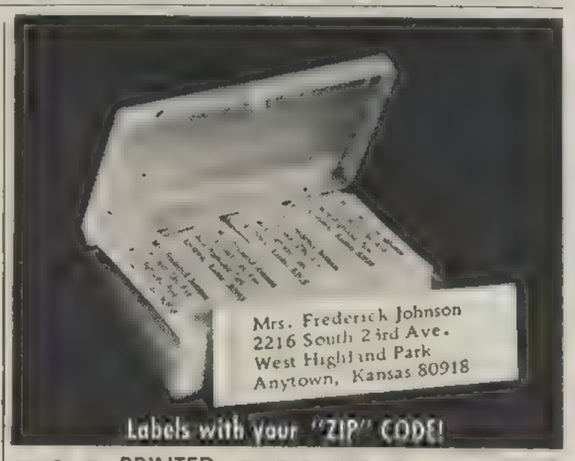
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Mark Tobey

(Continued from page 223)

which read "Sofort Bargeld!"

The piano was heaped with *feuilles volantes*, and in among Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" and a waltz by Octave Cremieux were some of Tobey's own compositions. One of them was for unaccompanied flute, with an epigraph from Apollinaire about the hunting horns of memory, but most are for piano solo. Tobey, who was over fifty before he even touched a piano, makes light of the pieces.

On one visit I persuaded the young Swiss pianist François Gaudard to play them through. Brief and concise, they have a Schumannesque turn of phrase which bears repeated hearing. Tobey makes light, equally, of the poems which he wrote in a burst of inspiration nearly fifty years ago, but when I badgered him to record some of them on tape, it turned out that they also had an Attic finality.

The fifty thousand words of Tobey's unfinished autobiography may well contribute as much to Americana as to art history, for there is about his career a nineteenth-century largeness, a breadth of embrace not to be expected of an age when painters get to be rich and famous at twenty-five. Tobey has been a barefoot boy, an apprentice in a steelworks, a shipping clerk, a commercial artist, a portraitist, a caricaturist, and a schoolmaster. In 1917 he decorated the New York apartment of Edna Woolman Chase, then editor of Vogue. (In 1923 or thereabouts he augmented his income in Seattle by painting pictures of parrots at twenty-five cents apiece.)

He has a loving and an impartial eye for real human stature, and is as likely to find it among the retired sea captains who live in Victoria, just over the Canadian border from Seattle, or in the bums of the Seattle market area, as in the famous and gifted people whose friendship he has kept, in many cases, for fifty years. Tobey has, on call, an actor's utterance and a poet's gift of phrase; I shall now never see Alice B. Toklas except as he described her: "like an Egyptian tear bottle."

Tobey, who has absolute standards of excellence, derives them from a characteristically wide variety of sources. In opera, for instance: "There's never been anyone like Mary Garden. It wasn't just the voice, it was the way she walked on the stage, the whole look of her. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf gets nearest, in the voice, nowadays, with that high floated legato of hers, in slow music. . . ." Anonymous people work on him as strongly, however, as the known. He loves, for instance, the healing quiet of the English countryside as it was in the thirties—"when you could walk along those Devonshire lanes and hear the horses breathing two fields away."

He has, too, an individual view of what British art has to offer. "When I first began to think about dimensionless dimension. it was Turner who set me off. And that picture of his in the Tate, the one of the burning ship. . . . Turner caught the wonderful perfume that comes up when things are dying, at periods of disintegration. There was another such period just before 1914."

But it wasn't England, even so, that held fast to him, but Basel: the squat, square house, the orchardy garden above the Rhine, and "one or two friends." Here Tobey can still keep free, to a certain extent, of what he dislikes about the way things are. Jokes can exorcise some of it, in conversation. "You know what—there was a computer, and someone fed it with the phrase, 'Out of sight, out of mind,' and what do you think came out? 'Oblivion and suicide,' in Japanese."

Others can simply be outlawed, as the telephone was until recently. "We'd sworn never to have it, but then that got too inconvenient, and so we thought we'd cut it off every day during working hours, but then we had it tucked away so carefully that now we can't hear the bell anyway."

Tobey refuses to fly, dislikes motoring ("A car is the complete foe of Nature—there's not a tree

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Lord Salisbury

(Continued from page 157)

prospect or the deer." Ponsonby was told to have his room in the dismal castle kept "warm"—a minimum temperature of sixty degrees. Otherwise he retired for his holidays to France, where he owned a villa at Beaulieu on the Riviera and where he could exercise his fluent French and lose himself in *The Count of Monte Cristo*, the only book, he once told Dumas *fils*, which allowed him to forget politics.

His acquaintance with games was confined to tennis, but when elderly he invented his own form of exercise, which consisted in riding a tricycle through St. James's Park in the early mornings or along paths cemented for the purpose in the park of his estate at Hatfield. Wearing for the occasion a kind of sombrero hat and a short sleeveless cloak with a hole in the middle in which he resembled a monk, he would be accompanied by a young coachman to push him up the hills. At the downhill slopes, the young man would be told to "jump on behind," and the Prime Minister, with the coachman's hands on his shoulders, would roll away, cloak flying and pedals whirring.

Hatfield, twenty miles north of London in Hertfordshire, had been the home of the Cecils for nearly three hundred years since James I had given it, in 1607, to his Prime Minister, Robert Cecil, first Earl Salisbury, in exchange for a house of Cecil's to which the King had taken a fancy. It was the royal residence where Queen Elizabeth had spent her childhood and where, on receiving news of her accession, she held her first council,

(Continued on page 228)

Mark Tobey

(Continued from page 226)

in nature that will look right with a car"), and prefers trains that have been in the timetable for generations. In his own house he has preserved intact the classic pleasure of friendly intercourse. His nearest neighbour is Paul Hassler of the Protestant church. Herr Pfarrer Hassler is no dim conventional pastor, but a man of exceptional intelligence and generosity—he once sponsored a collection for the Roman Catholic church in the same parish. He has written a book on Paul Klee and numbers Heidegger, Karl Barth, and Alberto Giacometti among his friends.

To people like Paul Hassler, Mark Tobey is an honoured guest in the city of Basel, as welcome for his companionship in the orchard-garden above the Rhine as for the lustre which his presence has brought to the city. They are not deceived by the turn-of-the-century jokes which he thinks up to amuse them, or by the *petit-nègre* poems which he writes in a German of his own invention: they know that work such as his can only be done by a profoundly serious person—and by one who, somewhere, is made of iron.

A street which has known Calvin and Burckhardt and Nietzsche and Jung and Albert Schweitzer and Paul Klee is not going to be bowled over by any picturesque old man who happens to come by: true metal is what counts, and Basel, in this respect, has made up its mind about Tobey.

To me he represents above all things a particular kind of American: a slow-maturing, quirkful, and unstandardized human being who moves about the world as a vigilant stranger. Perhaps there were never many such people. Perhaps novelists were quick to seize on them, knowing that they were too special and too rare to let slip.

Perhaps they are dying out, victims of a society which demands other virtues of its "successful" representatives. But as long as Mark Tobey is alive, there will be one, somewhere around, and that's something I like to think of.

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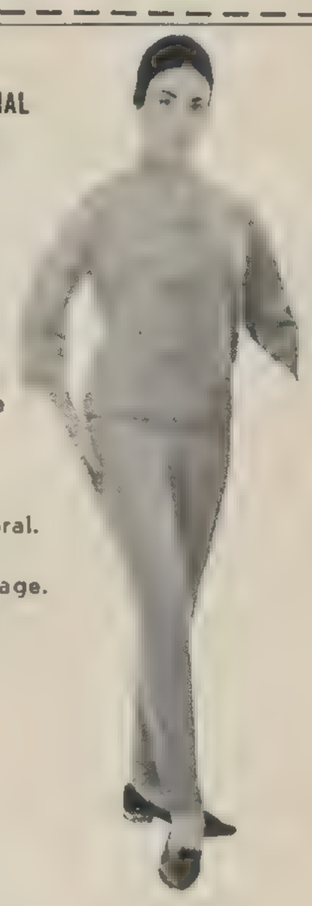
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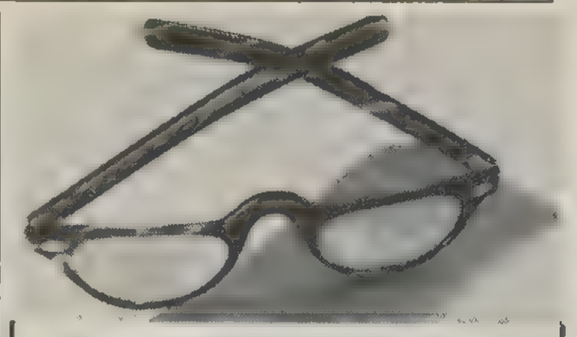
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Lord Salisbury

(Continued from page 227)

to swear in William Cecil, Lord Burghley, as her chief Secretary of State. Its Long Gallery, with intricately carved paneled walls and gold-leaf ceiling, was 180 feet in length. The Marble Hall, named for the black and white marble floor, glowed like a jewel case with painted and gilded ceiling and Brussels tapestries. The red King James Drawing Room was hung with full-length family portraits by Romney and Reynolds and Lawrence. The library was lined from floor to gallery and ceiling with ten thousand volumes bound in leather and vellum. In other rooms were kept the Casket Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, suits of armour taken from men of the Spanish Armada, the cradle of the beheaded King, Charles I, and presentation portraits of James I and George III. Outside were yew hedges clipped in the form of crenellated battlements, and the gardens, of which Pepys wrote that he never saw "so good flowers, nor so great gooseberries as big as nutmegs." Over the entrance hall hung flags captured at Waterloo and presented to Hatfield by the Duke of Wellington, who was a constant visitor and devoted admirer of the Prime Minister's mother, the second Marchioness. In her honour Wellington wore the hunt coat of the Hatfield Hounds when he was on campaign.

The first Marchioness was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and hunted till the day she died at eighty-five, when, half-blind and strapped to the saddle, she was accompanied by a groom who would shout, when her horse approached a fence, "Jump, dammit my Lady, jump!"

It was this exceptional person who reinvigorated the Cecil blood, which, after Burghley and his son, had produced no further examples of superior mentality. Rather, the general mediocrity of succeeding generations had been varied only, according to a later Cecil, by instances of "quite exceptional stupidity." But the second Marquess proved a vigorous and able man with a strong sense of public duty who served in several mid-century Tory cabinets. His second son, another Robert Cecil, was the Prime Minister of 1895. He in turn produced five sons who were to distinguish themselves. One became a general, one a bishop, one a minister of state, one M.P. for Oxford, and one, through service to the government, won a peerage in his own right. "In human beings as in horses," Lord Birkenhead was moved to comment on the Cecil record, "there is something to be said for the hereditary principle."

At Oxford in 1850 the contemporaries of young Robert Cecil agreed that he would end as Prime Minister either because or in spite of his remorselessly uncompromising opinions. Throughout life he never bothered to restrain them. His youthful speeches were remarkable for their virulence and insolence; he was not, said Disraeli, "a man who measures his phrases." A "salisbury" became a synonym for a political imprudence. He once compared the Irish in their incapacity for self-government to Hottentots and spoke of an Indian candidate for Parliament as "that black man." In the opinion of Lord Morley his speeches were always a pleasure to read because "they were sure to contain one blazing indiscretion which it is a delight to remember." Whether the indiscretions were altogether accidental is open to question, for though Lord Salisbury delivered his speeches without notes, they were worked out in his head beforehand and emerged clear and perfect in sentence structure. In that time the art of oratory was considered part of the equipment of a statesman and anyone reading from a written speech would have been regarded as pitiable. When Lord Salisbury spoke, "every sentence," said a fellow member, "seemed as essential, as articulate, as vital to the argument as the members of his body to an athlete."

Appearing in public before an audience about whom he cared nothing, Salisbury was awkward; but in the Upper

House, where he addressed his equals, he was perfectly and strikingly at home. He spoke sonorously, with an occasional change of tone to icy mockery or withering sarcasm. When a recently ennobled Whig took the floor to lecture the House of Lords in high-flown and solemn Whig sentiments, Salisbury asked a neighbour who the speaker was and on hearing the whispered identification, replied perfectly audibly, "I thought he was dead." When he listened to others he could become easily bored, revealed by a telltale wagging of his leg which seemed to one observer to be saying, "When will all this be over?" Or sometimes, raising his heels off the floor, he would set up a sustained quivering of his knees and legs which could last for half an hour at a time. At home, when made restless by visitors, it shook the floor and made the furniture rattle, and in the House his colleagues on the front bench complained it made them seasick. If his legs were at rest his long fingers would be in motion, incessantly twisting and turning a paper knife or beating a tattoo on his knee or on the arm of his chair.

He never dined out and rarely entertained beyond one or two political receptions at his town house in Arlington Street and an occasional garden party at Hatfield. He avoided the Carlton, official club of the Conservatives, in favour of the Junior Carlton, where a special luncheon table was set aside for him alone and the library was hung with huge placards inscribed SILENCE. He worked from breakfast to one in the morning, returning to his desk after dinner as if he were beginning a new day. His clothes were drab and often untidy. He wore trousers and waistcoat of a dismal gray under a broadcloth frock coat grown shiny. But though careless in dress, he was particular about the trimming of his beard and carefully directed operations in the barber's chair, indicating "just a little more off here" while "artist and subject gazed fixedly in the mirror to judge the result."

Despite his rough tongue and sarcasms, Salisbury exerted a personal charm upon close colleagues an l equals which, as one of them said, "was no small asset in the conduct of affairs." He gave detailed attention to party affairs and even sacrificed his exclusiveness for their sake. Once he astonished everyone by accepting an invitation to the traditional dinner for party supporters given by the Leader of the House. He asked to be given in advance biographical details about each expected guest. At the dinner the Prime Minister charmed his neighbour at table, a well-known agriculturist, with his expert knowledge of crop rotation and stock-breeding, chatted amiably afterward with every guest in turn, and before leaving, beckoned to his Private Secretary, saying, "I think I have done them all, but there was someone I have not identified who, you said, made mustard."

Mr. Gladstone, though in political philosophy his bitterest antagonist, acknowledged him "a great gentleman in private society." In private life he was delightful and sympathetic and a complete contrast to his public self. In public acclaim, Salisbury was uninterested, for—since the populace was uninstructed—its opinions, as far as he was concerned, were worthless. He ignored the public and neither possessed nor tried to cultivate the personal touch that makes a political leader a recognizable personality to the man in the street and earns him a nickname like "Pam" or "Dizzy" or the "Grand Old Man." Not in the press, not even in *Punch*, was Lord Salisbury ever called anything but Lord Salisbury. He made no attempt to conceal his dislike for mobs of all kinds, "not excluding the House of Commons." After moving to the Lords, he never returned to the Commons to listen to its debates from the Peers' Gallery or chat with members in the Lobby, and if compelled to allude to them in his own House, would use a tone of airy contempt, to the amusement of visitors from the Commons who

(Continued on page 230)

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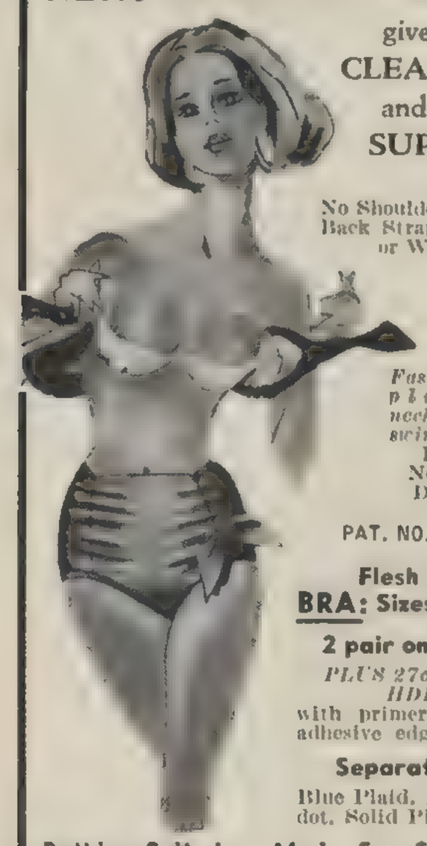
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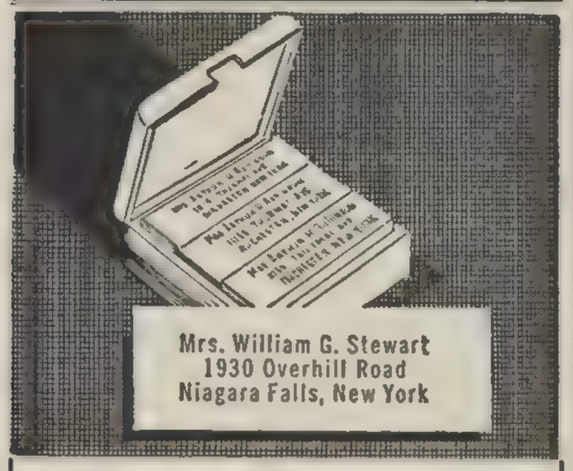
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Lord Salisbury

(Continued from page 229)

came to hear him. But this was merely an outward pose designed to underline his deep inner sense of the patrician. He was not rank-conscious; he was indifferent to honours or any other form of recognition. It was simply that as a Cecil, and a superior one, he was born with a consciousness in his bones and brain cells of ability to rule and saw no reason to make any concessions of this prescriptive right to anyone whatever.

Having entered the House of Commons in the customary manner for peers' sons, from a family-controlled borough in an uncontested election at the age of twenty-three and, during his fifteen years in the House of Commons, having been returned unopposed five times from the same borough, and having for the last twenty-seven years sat in the House of Lords, he had little personal experience of vote-getting. He regarded himself not as responsible *to* the people but as responsible *for* them. They were in his care. What reverence he felt for anyone was directed not down but up—to the monarchy. He revered Queen Victoria who was some ten years his senior, both as her subject and, with chivalry toward her womanhood, as a man. For her he softened his brusqueness even if at Balmoral he could not conceal his boredom. She in turn visited him at Hatfield and had the greatest confidence in him, giving him, as she told Bishop Carpenter, "if not the highest, an equal place with the highest among her ministers," not excepting Disraeli. Salisbury, who was "bad on his legs at any time," was the only man she ever asked to sit down. Unlike in every quality of mind except in their strong sense of rulership, the tiny old Queen and the tall, heavy, aging Prime Minister felt for each other mutual respect and regard.

In unimportant matters of state as in dress. Salisbury was inclined to be casual. Once when two clergymen with similar names were candidates for a vacant bishopric, he appointed the one not recommended by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and this being sorrowfully drawn to his attention, he said, "Oh, I daresay he will do just as well." He reserved high seriousness for serious matters only, and the most serious to him was the maintenance of aristocratic influence and executive power, not for its own sake, but because he believed it to be the only element capable of holding the nation united against the rising forces of democracy, which he saw "splitting it into a bundle of unfriendly and distrustful fragments."

Class war and irreligion were to him the greatest evils and for this reason he detested socialism, less for its menace to property than for its preaching of class war and its basis in materialism, which meant to him a denial of spiritual values. He did not deny the need of social reforms, but believed they could be achieved through the interplay and mutual pressures of existing parties. The Workmen's Compensation Act, for one, making employers liable for work-sustained injuries, though denounced by some of his party as interference with private enterprise, was introduced and passed with his support in 1897.

He fought all proposals designed to increase the political power of the masses. When still a younger son, and not expecting to succeed to the title, he had formulated his political philosophy in a series of some thirty articles which were published in the *Quarterly Review* in the early 1860's, when he was in his thirties. Against the growing demand at that time for a new Reform law to extend the suffrage, Lord Robert Cecil, as he then was, had declared it to be the business of the Conservative party to preserve the rights and privileges of the propertied class as the "single bulwark" against the weight of numbers. To extend the suffrage would be, as he saw it, to give the working classes not merely a voice in Parliament but a preponderating one that would give to "mere numbers a power they ought not to have." He deplored the Liberals' adulation of the working class "as if they

were different from other Englishmen" when in fact the only difference was that they had less education and property, and "in proportion as the property is small the danger of misusing the franchise is great." He believed the workings of democracy to be dangerous to liberty, for under democracy "passion is not the exception but the rule" and it was "perfectly impossible" to commend a farsighted passionless policy to "men whose minds are unused to thought and undisciplined to study." To widen the suffrage among the poor while increasing taxes upon the rich would end, he wrote, in a complete divorce of power from responsibility; "the rich would pay all the taxes and the poor make all the laws."

He did not believe in political equality. There was the multitude, he said, and there were "natural" leaders. "Always wealth, in some countries birth, in all countries intellectual power and culture mark out the man to whom, in a healthy state of feeling, a community looks to undertake its government." These men had the leisure for it and the fortune. "so that the struggles for ambition are not defiled by the taint of sordid greed.... They are the aristocracy of a country in the original and best sense of the word.... The important point is, that the rulers of a country should be taken from among them," and as a class they should retain that "political preponderance to which they have every right that superior fitness can confer."

So sincere and certain was his conviction of that "superior fitness" that in 1867 when the Tory Government espoused the Second Reform Bill, which doubled the electorate and enfranchised working men in the towns, Salisbury at thirty-seven flung away Cabinet office within a year of first achieving it rather than be party to what he considered a betrayal and surrender of Conservative principles. His party's reversal, engineered by Disraeli in a neat enterprise both to "dish the Whigs" and to meet political realities, was regarded with abhorrence by Lord Cranborne (as Lord Robert Cecil had then become. his elder brother having died in 1865). Though it might ruin his career, he resigned as Secretary for India and in a bitter and serious speech spoke out in the House against the policy of the party's leaders, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli. He begged the members not to do for political advantage what would ultimately destroy them as a class. "The wealth, the intelligence, the energy of the community, all that has given you that power which makes you so proud of your nation and which makes the deliberations of this House so important, will be numerically absolutely overmatched." Issues would arise in which the interests of employers and employed would clash and could only be decided by political force, "and in that conflict of political force you are pitting an overwhelming number of employed against a hopeless minority of employers." The outcome would "reduce to political insignificance and extinction the classes which have hitherto contributed so much to the greatness and prosperity of their country."

A year later, on his father's death, he entered the House of Lords as third Marquess of Salisbury. In 1895, after the passage of nearly thirty years, his principles had not shifted an inch. With no belief in change as improvement, nor faith in the future over the present, he dedicated himself with "grim acidity" to preserving the existing order. Believing that "rank, without the power of which it was originally the symbol, was a sham," he was determined, while he lived and governed England, to resist further attack on the power of that class of which rank was still the visible symbol. Watchful of approaching enemies, he stood against the coming age. The pressures of democracy encircled, but had not yet closed in around, the figure whom Lord Curzon described as "that strange, powerful, inscrutable, brilliant, obstructive deadweight at the top."

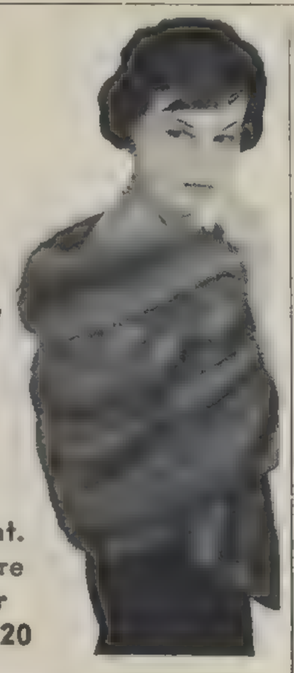
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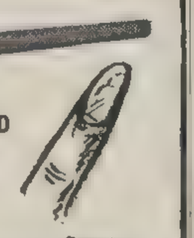
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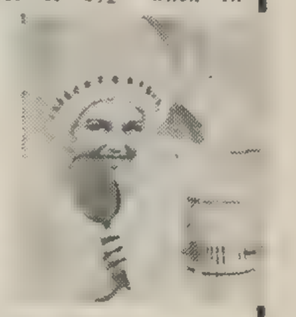
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Duke of Devonshire

(Continued from page 159)

sense of obligation, remarked on by all who knew him, originated not only in family estate but also in a consciousness of superior ability. His father, a student of mathematics and the classics, known as the "Scholar" Duke, had educated him at home. Later at Trinity College, Cambridge, despite an idle, sporting, sociable life among the "tufts," Lord Hartington was the only one of his set to take an Honours degree, a second class in the mathematical tripos. He entered Parliament at twenty-four and achieved his first Cabinet office at thirty. His brother, Lord Frederick Cavendish, also undertook a political career, and in 1882, on his first day as Chief Secretary for Ireland, was assassinated in Phoenix Park in Dublin. The killing of an English minister of the Crown by Irish malcontents created a sensation as great as the death of General Gordon at Khartoum. Whether because of his brother's murder or some other less obvious reason, the Duke made a habit of always carrying a loaded revolver about with him, and this was a constant source of worry to his family. "He was always losing them and buying new ones," wrote his nephew, "and there were no less than twenty of them knocking about Devonshire House when he died."

With the advent of the Duchess, an indefatigable hostess, Devonshire entertainments became the stateliest in Society. Every year on the opening of Parliament, the Duke and Duchess gave a great reception. Every year on Derby Day, Devonshire House, filled with roses and June flowers from the Duke's gardens, was the scene of a sparkling ball. Before the ball, the King gave a dinner to members of the Jockey Club at Buckingham Palace while the Queen came to dine with the Duchess. In Jubilee Year of 1394 the Devonshire fancy-dress ball was the most famous and lavish party of the era. At Chatsworth in Derbyshire, home of the Cavendishes for four hundred years, house parties reached their peak with the annual visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, which continued when they were King and Queen. Every royal comfort was anticipated and satisfied, including the presence of the King's mistress, Mrs. Keppel, brilliant in diamonds, with whom, according to Princess Daisy of Pless, "the King has his bridge in a separate room while in other rooms people are massed together also of course playing bridge."

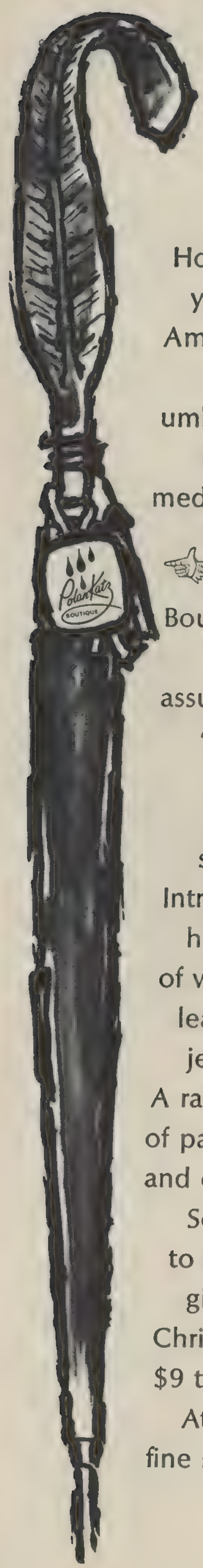
Built of the golden stone of the district, Chatsworth was surrounded by an eighteenth-century park designed by Capability Brown. Luxury was everywhere. Cascades rippled over a series of stone steps six hundred feet long copied after the Renaissance water landscaping of Italy. A copper willow tree, by an ingenious mechanism, could weep water from every leaf. Elaborate and exquisite garlands of flowers and fruit carved in wood festooned the walls. The library and collection of pictures and sculpture were on a princely scale like the Medicis' and administered almost as a public trust. Curators in the Duke's employ kept them open to scholars and connoisseurs, made new purchases and liberally loaned the treasures to exhibitions. The Chatsworth Memling went to Bruges, its Van Dycks to Antwerp, and all year the house was open to the public who tramped through the halls in thousands. The Duke liked to watch them, and thinking his face as unknown to them as theirs to him, would stand, unconscious of being recognized, "wondering why the housemaid who acted as guide and the whole party had suddenly stood still and were staring at him." Though racehorses were more to him than books, he once astonished his librarian who was showing him his own first edition of *Paradise Lost* by sitting down and reading it aloud from the first line with simple pleasure, until the Duchess came in and, poking the Duke with her parasol, remarked, "If he reads poetry he will never go for his walk."

He was bored by pomp and hated pomposity. When the King decided to make him a Grand Commander of the new Victor-

(Continued on page 235)



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Duke of Devonshire

(Continued from page 233)

ian Order, Devonshire, "in his sleepy way," asked the King's Private Secretary, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, what he was supposed to do with "the thing." "Anyone less anxious to receive an order I have never seen. He seemed to think it would only complicate his dressing." At the rehearsal for King Edward's coronation in 1902, at which the appearance of the peers wearing coronets with morning dress produced a comical effect, the Duke arrived late as usual and, with his right hand in his trouser pocket and an inexpressibly bored look on his face, strolled about the stage at the bidding of the Earl Marshal. He liked old, baggy, casual clothes, never took the slightest trouble with his guests, deliberately ignored those who might prove tiresome, and once, when a speaker in the House of Lords was declaiming on "the greatest moments in life," the Duke opened his eyes long enough to remark to his neighbour, "My greatest moment was when my pig won first prize at Skipton Fair." His favourite club, after the Turf, was the Travellers', known for exclusiveness and an atmosphere of "solemn tranquillity" in which reading, dozing and meditation took precedence over conversation. For the disagreeable task of speaking at public meetings he trained himself by a method he once revealed to the young Winston Churchill when they were appearing together at a Free Trade meeting in Manchester. "Do you feel nervous, Winston?" asked the Duke, and on receiving an affirmative reply, told him, "I used to, but now, whenever I get up on a public platform, I take a good look around and as I sit down I say, 'I never saw such a lot of damned fools in my life' and then I feel a lot better."

When he chose, he could be "the best of company, . . . delightful to talk to," that is, if conditions were right. At a dinner party in 1885 he arrived tired and hungry after a long day in Committee and sulked in silence when the first courses proved to be fancy but insubstantial French dishes instead of the solid fare that he liked. When a roast beef was brought in, he exclaimed in deep tones, "Hurrah! something to eat at last," and thereafter joined in the conversation. A fellow guest, the writer Wilfred Ward, noticed that in every case where he differed from Mr. Gladstone, who was of the company, Lord Hartington "put his finger on the weak point in the logic which Mr. Gladstone's rhetoric tended to obscure." Eighteen years later Ward met the Duke again at the British Embassy in Rome and, confronted by a blank face, reminded him of the place of their previous meeting. Thereupon the Duke exclaimed with feeling, "Of course I remember. We had nothing to eat." The inadequate French dishes, as Ward told the story, "had dwelt in his mind for nearly twenty years."

After succeeding to the title in 1891, he still returned, unlike Salisbury, to visit the House of Commons and "could generally be seen yawning in the front row of the Peers' Gallery" on the nights of big debates. As Duke he had more work to do than ever. He owned estates in Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, Cumberland, Sussex, Middlesex and Ireland and personally went over all accounts of his properties and all important questions with his estate agents. He was Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire, Chancellor of Cambridge University, President of the British Empire League and patron of various clerical livings to which he had to make appointments. He was director or chairman of various companies in which he had investments, including two railway lines, a steel company, a waterworks and a naval construction company. Though he distrusted his knowledge of business, "once he got a grip of a subject," according to one of his staff, "then no one was better able to confute a false argument or to see what the real point was." His mind worked slowly, and if he did not understand a matter at once, he would insist on its being thrashed out all over again until it was clear to him.

(Continued on page 236)



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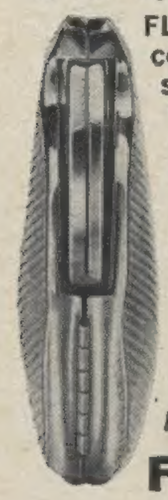


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Duke of Devonshire

(Continued from page 235)

He performed all his functions while continuing to maintain that he was happiest with his racing stud at Newmarket. Once at Aix-les-Bains he met W. H. Smith, then Conservative Leader of the House of Commons, and promptly sat down to talk politics for half an hour, saying, "it was pleasant in a place like this to have some work to do." It is possible he would have been more bored out of office than in.

To the Conservative Government of 1895 he brought, besides long experience and the prestige of his name and rank, an immense fund of public confidence banked over the four decades of his career. His disinterestedness was beyond question. So obviously was he above private ambition, wrote the editor of the *Spectator*, "that no one ever attributed to him unworthy motives or insinuated that he was playing for his own hand. If anyone had ventured to do so, the country would simply have regarded the accuser as mad." When the Duke took a position, people felt they had been given a lead. He never became Prime Minister or won the Derby but "no one," said the *Times*, "had a greater authority in moulding the political convictions of his countrymen." He remained vaguely puzzled by the extent of his own influence. "I don't see why I should tell the people what I should do if I had the vote," he protested. "They will do what they think right and I shall do what I think right. They don't want me to interfere." And when the Prince, who, no less than his subjects, relied on the Duke's judgment of men and issues, consulted him as arbiter of delicate social matters, he complained, "I don't know why it is but whenever a man is caught cheating at cards the case is referred to me." He had become, through a combination of heritage and character, a keeper of the national conscience. When a Presence was required for a solemn or ceremonial occasion, the solid, rather melancholy dignity of the Duke fulfilled the need. He was, Lord Rosebery said, "one of the great reserve forces of this country."

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 150-151; other views, yardages, details)



6634 6666

Above left: Short white satin evening dress—back-wrapped and flounced. Vogue Pattern 6634. Sizes 10 to 16. Size 14 requires 3⅜ yards of 49/50" fabric with nap. $2. In Canada, $2.20.

Above right: White satin dress, small and yoked—the skirt cut on the bias. Vogue Pattern 6666. Sizes 10 to 16. Size 14 requires 2½ yards of 49/50" fabric with nap. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.

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